The Relief Society Magazine

L. 40 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 195

Western Midsummer Landscape

Katherine F. Larsen

Great hills to the west,
And the heat waves shimmer,
Pungent with sage
In the burning summer . . . .
Under dry bald rocks
In the dark, in the cool,
Scorpions lie curled;
A hawk's scream hurled
Sends a gopher back to his hole . . . .
Brittle devil-grass rasps
In the fitful wind,
And the Indian paintbrush
Flares on the hill;
Where chokecherries darken
Two rattlesnakes lurk,
Then slowly slide home
Down a boulder's crack.

. . . . . .

On coyote feet
Comes the western night,
Devil-grass silvers over
A scurrying mouse;
Far on silent wings
A horned owl glides
Giving back the moon
From his set, round eyes.

The Cover: The Solitudes of Monument Valley
Photograph by Wayne Davis
This vast and lonely wilderness stretches northward from Kayenta, Arizona, towards the canyons of the San Juan and Colorado Rivers, crossing the Arizona-Utah line near the famous "Four Corners" (Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Arizona) landmark.

Frontispiece: The Colorado River Gorge, Near Dead Horse Point, Utah, La Sal Mountains in the background.
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

The frontispiece of the December Magazine ("Christ Blessing a Child") still leaves its imprint on my mind. Could you give me some information about it? Would it be possible to obtain a large reproduction suitable for framing? I have enjoyed the *Magazine* for many years. As a child, it was always in our home, and after I was married I maintained my own subscription. As the mother of five active youngsters, the *Magazine* has helped me many times with the problems of rearing a Latter-day Saint family.

—Mrs. Vern R. Thomas
Richfield, Idaho

Information regarding this picture "Christ Blessing a Child" may be obtained from Camera Clix, 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.

—Ed.

We, the sisters of the British Isles, would like to express our thanks and appreciation for the splendid article "The Coronation of a Beloved Queen" by Ramona W. Cannon in the May issue of the *Magazine*. With great pride in our hearts, we read and thoroughly enjoyed it. Queen Elizabeth, to us, is one we can well pattern our lives from. One of the greatest teachings in our Church is home life, and one of the finest characteristics of our Queen and her family is home life. So please accept our sincere thanks and appreciation. The sisters' lives are greatly enriched by the splendid contributions in the *Magazine*—poems, stories, addresses, and especially the lessons. We feel we are blessed to be able to receive the *Magazine*.

—Mary Laycock
Chapeltown, Yorkshire
England

I think the April story "Pot-Head Kettle," by Velma D. Cloward was very good.

—Mrs. Merritt Rushton
North Las Vegas, Nevada

The *Magazine* is a constant source of inspiration and enjoyment to me.

—Gwen J. Christensen
Orem, Utah

I am sort of shut in and all alone, all my folks gone, except for one girl. Thanks so much for the *Magazine*. You can't know how much I appreciate it, so please kindly send me my April issue and I will keep a strong lookout for it.

—Mrs. Adam Petereit
Brigham City, Utah

It is always a pleasure to appear in *The Relief Society Magazine*. (See "Anyone Can Make a Feather Quilt" by Marijane Morris, June 1953). So many people read and like the material printed therein. It is doubly a pleasure to appear when the article is about nice people. Then they, too, come in for a share of the enjoyment.

—Marijane Morris
Corinne, Utah

BEAUTY

(Written in appreciation of the literature lessons in the *Magazine*, and as a contribution in a poetry contest sponsored by the literature class of the Relief Society, Parker, Arizona)

May we learn to know and share
The pleasures literature can bring;
It brings to life the ages past,
And helps memories to cling.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"
As the poet Keats has said
So let us seek the beautiful,
As along life's path we tread.

There is beauty in the sunrise
As it glistens on the dew,
In the clouds that bring a rainbow
With colors of every hue.

In a meadow with a lily pond,
Where dandelions dot the green;
In a cactus desert full of bloom,
Or a snow-capped mountain scene.

But let us remember, as we strive
Toward our eternal goal,
That the beauty to exceed them all
Is the beauty of the soul.

—Jean Webster
Parker, Arizona

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Living More Abundantly on Your Income

Dr. William F. Edwards

Dean, College of Commerce, Brigham Young University

HAPPINESS is not necessarily related to a person's financial position. An increase in the family income may not make more pleasant the management of a home. More and more material resources may even make real family happiness more difficult to obtain.

Nevertheless, there are few things that can help the typical family to realize real happiness more than proper financial policies and attitudes. "Money (may be) the root of all evil"—whether because of too little or too much—to the extent that it is not used with wisdom.

First Things First

Have you ever met an active person who had time to do everything in which he was interested? Surely, the answer is no. Experience, however, confirms the ancient scripture that there is time for everything worthwhile. Each person should realize that he will be unable to have or to do all the things he desires. This is the nature of life when lived in full measure. Otherwise, life would be drab and lacking in excitement.

Try to imagine having enough time to do everything desired. At the end of each day every interesting project would be completed, every job done, including the least pleasurable. For good measure, assume that frequently every desire would be satisfied and even a few hours left before bedtime when there would be nothing you were interested in doing—a surplus of time. Very soon night would become a welcome relief from the monotony of the day. A thrilling day is one which ends with much accomplished, but yet with unsatisfied desires to dream about.

The secret of successful living lies not so much in subduing appropriate desires, but in learning to put first things first, so that the more important ones will be accomplished and the least important neglected. Success or failure is largely a matter of doing the right thing at the right time—putting first things first.

"What a fool does in the end, a wise man does in the beginning." The truth of these words by Ling Po is self evident if viewed in the light of daily experiences. Farmer John is unable to plant potatoes because he spent all of his money buying a potato digger. The Handicap family is unable to contribute to the ward building fund because of payments on the television set. Jack must discontinue college because of the cost of operating his automobile.

In matters of personal finance,

each situation must be approached with a mind as open and rational as that of a good scientist investigating a problem. It is so easy to accept what has been done as right and best. Erroneously, people generally think there is only one way to solve their financial problems.

There are two ways of being happy: We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society (Benjamin Franklin).

Misery or Happiness

Oh, how fine is the line that separates misery from happiness! Charles Dickens dramatizes the difference in these words: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditures nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery" (*David Copperfield*, chap. 12).

If a person finds himself receiving more misery than happiness, or less happiness than he feels is his share, he shouldn't set up a vigorous program for taking the joy out of life by curtailing all expenditures. It may be that even now too little is allotted for certain purposes. The probable trouble is that expenditures are not receiving precedence in order of importance. To this extent, maximum happiness is not being derived from income. Presumably a person desires every item for which money is spent, but relative to income the less important items may have worked up near the top of the list.

In the spirit of helping each person live more abundantly on his income, the following suggestions are offered as guides. It is believed that in them will be found the key to successful management of personal finances.

1. *Church Contributions*

For members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints these appropriately come first. They bring eternal blessings and joys. It is expected that honest and faithful people will return to the Lord his ten per cent and, in addition, make the other contributions needed to carry out his purposes for their good.

2. *Taxes*

It is the responsibility of every citizen to aid in support of the Government. Reasonable taxes are the just cost of our many choice opportunities. With total taxes so high, our most cheerful attitude may be similar to that expressed by Elder Heber C. Kimball when he described the exodus from Nauvoo: "We left willingly because we had to."

"The power to tax is the power to destroy," and there are indications that taxes may have reached harmful levels. While paying taxes honestly, each person should exercise his best influence to have government expenditures curtailed,

especially those of the Federal Government.

3. *Health Protection*

Our bodies are sacred tabernacles, and it is a duty, as well as an advantage, to preserve them. Preventive medicine is the best and cheapest. It costs less money in the long run to visit the dentist at regular intervals than to wait until a tooth aches. Hence, the allotment for health protection should receive precedence.

4. *Emergency Fund*

Although individual emergencies cannot be anticipated, it is certain that they will arise. Unless allowance is made for them, like a thief in the night, they can upset the best-laid plans.

Each family should review the so-called emergencies that might reasonably occur and estimate the minimum amount of money that would likely be needed to meet them. If this sum is not already available, enough money should be set aside each month to build up the fund to the desired level within twelve to eighteen months. So long as the fund is "full," no monthly allotments would be necessary. When it is reduced, monthly allotments should be resumed. This fund will take the sting out of most emergencies.

5. *Minimum Life Insurance*

No head of a family, especially of moderate to average means, is properly protecting his family unless he carries a reasonable amount of insurance. We all agree that "Nothing is as certain as death." Yet, many defy the fact that "Nothing is more uncertain than the time of death." Every family head has certain dreams which he cherishes more than life itself. To the extent that these are not protected by savings already accumulated, life insurance is imperative.

Is it reasonable to put these five items ahead of life's essentials: food, clothing, and home? The answer is definitely yes, if you want to live as abundantly as possible on your income. The first two, "Church contributions" and "taxes," are included "by the law" as it were. The next two, "health protection" and "emergency fund," are unavoidable. An attempt to defer them is likely to cost more money and bring less satisfaction. The last, "minimum life insurance," is advised for the average family, even if premiums must be paid out of money usually considered necessary for food.

6. *Minimum Food*

If one observes the children of Church families who are rich and poor, it is generally impossible to find evidence of better health resulting from the use of expensive foods. The author knows from personal experience that, if necessary, the average family can reduce its food allowance as much as one-fifth to one-third with no reduction in nutritive value.

Parents who experience concern over their financial position should consider carefully the words of Bismarck: "One-third of the people of Europe work themselves to death, one-third of the people of Europe eat and drink themselves to death, and the other third rule Europe." It is feared that this

statement remains applicable today if food is thought of in terms of cost. It is unwise and damaging to the family welfare to take money from education or health protection to buy expensive foods. Therefore, when considering this phase of financial planning, allow only for minimum food costs. Fortunately, no meal can surpass one in which simple foods are tastefully prepared and attractively served. It is as easy to serve a healthful breakfast for eight at a total cost of 50 cents as $1.50!

7. *Minimum Clothing*

Being well-dressed and properly clothed is always a distinct asset. However, it is an injustice not only to you and your family but also to your associates to dress beyond your means or the comparative means of the group. Until all other financial requirements are met, clothing costs should be held to a minimum. Avoid clothes of extreme style that quickly become outdated or are so distinctive that they are always noticed. There can be a big difference between expensive and appropriate dress.

Clothes should be made over and handed down as the children grow up. Family members should be encouraged to change their clothes upon completing an activity, such as when the children come home from school. If the mother will develop the art of mending and patching, it will pay big dividends.

8. *Minimum Personal Toiletries, Gifts, Recreation, Education, and "The Little Extras"*

"Man cannot live by bread alone" indicates the importance of this group of items. The minimum needs of each family will vary considerably, but a program that does not provide for these enrichments among the first essentials, predisposes a life devoid of some of the greatest joys.

9. *Home*

The objective of every family should be to own its own home. There can be no such thing as a home in the fullest sense of the word unless it is owned. Home ownership makes better citizens and better Church members and adds to the security and wealth of the family.

The cost of the home must be reasonably related to family income. The family should not be denied clothes, food, medicine, education, and recreation in order to keep up unreasonably large payments on the home. This risk can be reduced if you take your average yearly income, subtract estimates for the previously discussed essentials, and work with the balance as the available amount from which all other family needs and desires are to be satisfied.

10. *Working Fund or Freedom Fund*

All previously listed expenses, with details adapted to each family, can be adjusted up or down, but as a group they are essential. Only the amount of money spent for each item is subject to control.

Annual income less these minimum expenses leaves what truly can be considered the "Freedom Fund." This is the proportion of a person's income over which he is the master.

It should be used according to individual desires and circumstances.

Some will first buy an automobile, then add to the allowance for food and clothing. Others will allow more for insurance or education and travel. All, if they are wise, will build up a savings fund.

A Promised Blessing

"My house is a house of order." This is true of the Lord's house and of those families who enjoy life to the fullest. A rich and abundant life is within the reach of almost all Latter-day Saint families. This is the Lord's desire for his children, and he helps them to accomplish this goal.

Let us ask the question: "Do you find it difficult to meet all of the demands upon your family income, or do you have precious desires that must go unsatisfied?" If the answer is yes, then you are normal and will probably have at hand a golden opportunity to apply these principles and reap a bounteous harvest.

After considerable personal planning, bring the family together for as many business meetings as are needed. Review expenses and jointly list them in order of importance. Be completely objective and daringly courageous. Give and take until each member is satisfied that the more important items are covered and only the least important ones are neglected. It may be difficult but remember that "Inch by inch, it's a cinch."

Then, the promised blessing will be yours: added happiness and more abundant living on your income.

Pioneer Woman

Vilate R. McAllister

The quailing that unbidden gripped her heart
She silenced, and, though unshed tears can smart,
She forced a smile; and, looking in her eyes,
He saw new-mounting faith and courage rise.

She worked beside him in the wilderness,
And learned her backward yearnings to suppress.
She helped to build the cabin, and somehow
With scarcely stumbling feet she held the plow,
Helped plant and irrigate the barren plain,
Then reaped and cooked and served the golden grain.
She kept the fires burning, lamps aglow
To greet him, when, discouraged, weary, slow,
At eve he sought his door; with warm caress
She made his home a shrine of happiness.

To her the cabin, lonely, bare, and crude,
Became a cloistered nook for solitude,
Where, while he toiled abroad, he'd never find
Her weeping for the treasures left behind.

Family Home Hour—Maker of Happy Memories

LaRue C. Longden

Second Counselor, General Presidency of Y.W.M.I.A.

"Memories! Memories! Dreams of long ago!"

THERE is a nostalgic peace that comes over many of us who have reached the half century mark when we recall our younger days. We are the fortunate ones who have tasted of unhurried existence. We remember happy evenings around the dining room table or in the "parlor" when mother sewed, father read from the evening paper, the scriptures, or the classics. Some of us recall being asked to "speak a piece" or to sing, play the piano, or in some way perform for loving, proud, doting parents who assured us that we were perfectly wonderful! There were discussions on current events, questions answered about "what we believe"; problems discussed and, if possible, cleared up; then, maybe a dish of ice cream—which, in those days, was a *real* treat, then the sweet togetherness of family prayer before going to bed. All this not on just one particular appointed night, but on many, many nights! Happy, happy memories! Such a feeling of surety that we would be "kept safe and sound throughout the night—that we would rise on the morrow healthy and strong, with a desire in our hearts to serve him!"

If all children could be given a taste of this sort of happy living, there surely wouldn't be too much need of corrective institutions or even divorce courts. We no longer teach our children the old poems like "The Children's Hour." It must be forty years ago when I learned:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I still remember the warm feeling I had as I repeated all the verses of this lovely poem and I thought to myself, we are like that family. I could not have put it into words then, but I realize today that in my youthful mind I knew that we, too, in our home had precious hours together; that there was a sweet love and precious spirituality pervading those hours spent together as a family.

The knowledge of man has given us many refinements in our homes. It has made mother's work much easier than it was in what our youngsters are pleased to call "the olden days." But that very knowledge of man has helped to push the wisdom and spirit of our Father in heaven into a too obscure background in many homes. Most families have too many outside interests.

I am not one who looks back and wishes we could return to the good old days—those good old days of washboards, coal stoves, horses and buggies. Not I! However, I would

recapture for my beloved teen-agers the quiet peace of evenings I remember when "hot" music from a radio that fairly pushes the wall out had not even entered the mind of man; when we could enter the living room without being "shushed" for fear of interrupting a favorite television program; when the telephone didn't ring itself off the wall bringing various and sundry calls—some necessary, others certainly not.

Oh, me! How old-fashioned can you get? There must be a happy medium! There is. It is up to Latter-day Saint parents to invite and, then, keep the sweet spirit of our Father in heaven in our homes by letting our children know that we love them, that they are very important to us, and their happiness, our main concern. Happy home hours can do much to knit families together.

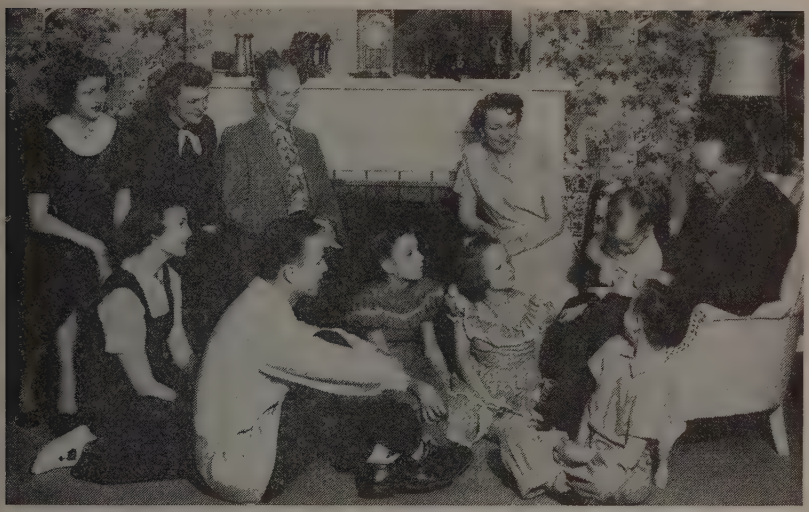
As I have talked to young folk throughout the Church about their home life, there is one very common problem they seem to face, and that is parents with too many social or Church obligations. I am one who feels sincerely (and we've proved it) that with the proper spirit of dedication on our part as parents, our children will never suffer because of our Church assignments.

IT is, however, a sad commentary that we do have a difficult time to find one evening—even one hour—that can be kept inviolate for a family get-together, for a real home hour. It would be nice if the home hour could be something so natural that it would not appear to our children as an extracurricular event—something tacked on because the bishop told us to have it, or something so completely out of line with our everyday living that everyone feels embarrassed and a little out of character.

In homes where there are but one or two teen-age chicks, the home hour would necessarily be different from "family hour" in homes where there are several real young fry as well as teen-agers. There might be, though, a formula that could be adapted to fit all occasions and all families. We should always plan ahead, so that no one makes other dates. If there are in our family those who are "going steady" or who are engaged, it would surely be nice to invite those sweethearts into our circle.

Why not start home evening with dinner, with various members taking turns fixing their favorite dish? Keep it simple. Serving buffet is fun some of the time, but there is something solid about "surrounding a board clothed with the bounties of life." At the dinner table everyone should have a turn to tell what has happened during the day to him or to her. It is so important that Mom and Dad remember this is not the time to discuss too much business or financial worries or to correct children for things either done or left undone. Too often this sort of discussion ends in misunderstandings and a feeling on the part of our children that we are finding fault all the time or that we do not understand them.

It is fun to dedicate each home evening to one member of the family and on that night to serve his favorite dish, play a favorite game,



FAMILY HOME HOUR—MAKER OF HAPPY MEMORIES

Seated on the floor left to right: Marilyn; Kay; Susan; Christine; David. Seated on chairs on back row, left to right: Lenore N. Cornwall; Joanne N. Buehner; Walter Buehner; Mrs. Maude Groberg Neeley; Jonathan; Kenneth R. Neeley.

or listen to some of his favorite music. It is also a good idea to put another member of the family in charge of the whole evening to plan little fun surprises, to see that each member has some part in the evening. On evenings when teen-agers sing or play music, which we at our advanced ages do not appreciate or understand, let's be as considerate of them as we shall expect them to be of us when it is our turn to be guest of honor. Eventually, with patience, we'll be able to bring them around to the better things.

The family hour is a community affair. The over-all success of it is surely on the shoulders of the parents. *We must be interested in what our children do.* I recall one girl who said she loved her dad, but her main memory of him was that as soon as dinner was over he went to his easy chair and slept through anything the rest of the family was doing. Another couple hurried their brood through their family hour so they could get off to attend a choir party! Home evening? Home hour? Not many of us would sleep if we had guests in our home, nor would we hurry them in their visit so we could be off! Our beloved President David O. McKay has said that he and his dear wife thought of their children as special guests in their home and treated them as such. Aren't they just that—spirit children of our Father in heaven, loaned to us through his goodness? A very wise mother said to her children whenever a new baby was born into their home, "This little one has just come from being an angel. See that you treat him like an angel the rest of his life."

AS I write of a family hour I keep getting back to the thought that every hour at home should be "family hour," and if it were, then the appointed hour when all of us plan to be together would be so simple to work out. Teen-agers need much love, much understanding, much wise guidance — then much love! It's just that simple!

Why not hold the dessert course at dinner until later? Following the main course everyone helps clean up, excepting the one to whom the family hour is dedicated. Hurry the cleaning up process by putting a time limit. During this dishwashing session it is fun to have a family song fest, singing songs suggested by each member of the family. Then comes the part of the evening which each family must work out for itself, because we all have definite likes and dislikes. For a musical family, ten or fifteen minutes could be spent around the piano singing some of our Church hymns. A contest could be held to see who knows the most verses of some of our hymns. There are scores of folk songs and songs from the light operas, as well as some of the better numbers from current productions. Here is an opportunity for parents to lead the way in appreciation of good music.

Most everyone enjoys charades, if they don't take too long and there aren't too many. Characters from the Bible or Book of Mormon furnish good subjects for dramatization —also words commonly used in our Church literature. Also, it is fun to portray present-day characters prominent in current events. It is loads of fun to play "twenty questions"—and also educational. There are other quiz games, that are fun. Each home has different facilities which might be used in the family hour. Where there are rumpus or play rooms, shuffleboard, table tennis, or any of the more active indoor games may be played. It might not be a bad idea once in a while for Mom and Dad to dance a round or two with the youngsters—just to show them there's still a little life left! We—and this includes our children — love to show and talk about our hobbies. This is a good time to do just this, but don't take too much time!

Whatever we do, and whenever we hold this precious family hour, it seems to me mighty important to make it a natural thing—not something we *have* to do, but something we *want* to do.

The art of conversation is not dead, but in many homes it surely sleepeth. Wise parents can steer the thinking of their teen-agers by good conversation. I firmly believe that it is not necessary to be playing a game every minute or to be passively entertained by someone else all the time. Sad the homes where there is no entertainment save radio and television! We enjoy most that thing in which we ourselves participate. We must remember that our teen-agers are intelligent bits of humanity. They have learned to think for themselves, and they just love to express themselves. It is up to us to guide that thinking and that expression. There is not nearly enough reading and discussion of the scriptures in our homes. In the over-all pattern for the family hour there should

EVENING AT HOME

The Kenneth R. Neeley Family Assembles in Marilyn's Bedroom Before Uniting in Family Prayer

Seated on bed, left to right: Susan; David; Jonathan; Marilyn. Standing at right: Christine; Mrs. Maude Groberg Neeley; Kenneth R. Neeley. Standing at left: Lenore Neeley Cornwall; Joanne Neeley Buehner; and Walter Buehner.

certainly be a time for scripture reading—either from The Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, or the Bible. Here is where we as parents have an opportunity to lay strong foundations for good spiritual lives for our children.

Also, without calling particular attention to it, there should never be a family hour when Mom and Dad don't express their thankfulness for their lovely children; their thankfulness for the gospel which brings such peace and happiness to the home, and to give our darlings at least one extra morsel of the bread of life—a little faith-promoting experience—something we have heard, that has happened to us, or that we may have read.

Let's forget the clock during the family hour. When the spirit dictates, serve the dessert. Sociability and real fellowship should characterize this climax to our family hour, with a let-down, easy, sweet feeling of peace and well-being in everyone's heart.

Then comes the time to "sack in," in the parlance of our teenagers. Why not all troop to the bedroom of the one who is guest of honor tonight and with some fun ceremony turn down his or her bed (just a tiny act of service to one we love) and then unitedly as a family kneel at that bed for the blessed good-night prayer? Now, it won't hurt a bit if Mom and Dad kiss all the brood good-night, the brood kiss each other, and Mom and Dad follow suit!

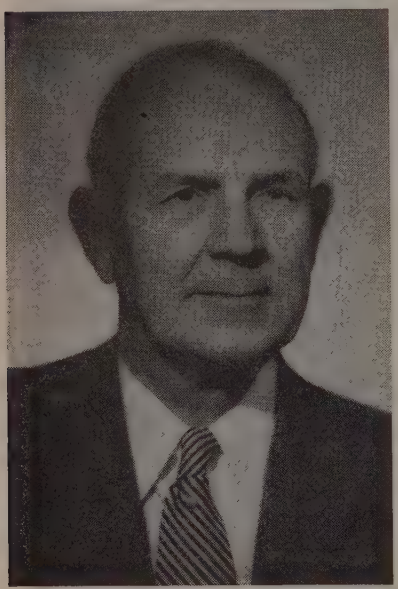
Happy memories? Sweet spirituality? Just a good Latter-day Saint home in action!

In Memoriam—
Elder Stayner Richards

(Dec. 20, 1885 - May 28, 1953)

Elder George Q. Morris

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve



STAYNER RICHARDS
(1885-1953)

ELDER Stayner Richards had in a marked degree those qualities that the Lord said qualified one who embarked in his service: "Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence." Through his long years of devotion to the Church, continuing from his youth to ripened and matured manhood, these qualities were abundantly manifest. Eminently successful in business, he put his duty to God first. How rewarding and enriching this practice proved is apparent in the outstanding qualities of spirituality and leadership he attained.

In all he was faithful, resourceful, stimulating, and inspiring—as bishop's counselor, as bishop, for twelve years as counselor to a stake president, as stake president for twelve years, as President of the British Mission, and as Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, he forwarded the interests of the Church, blessed and cheered and helped towards perfection the many thousands with whom he was associated.

He was richly endowed with the power to implant in the hearts of the people cheer, good will, faithfulness, and love. These qualities flowed from him as from a fountain. They were contagious. He loved people old and young. For the children he met, out of his heart or out of his pocket, he gave them something that made them happy and gave them friendship. The people to whom he devoted his labors gladly accepted his counsel and direction and gave him their admiration and love. One said of him:

"There are great characters in the

world whom we admire and revere for their remarkable accomplishments, but there are not many men that we can love so dearly and sincerely."

Perhaps his crowning achievement was in his own home. He has given to the Church and the world, in his family, a rich and enduring gift. They will bear his name in honor through the generations to come.

His life's work logically and appropriately culminated in his calls to preside over the British Mission and to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. In these positions he served with marked distinction.

President McKay said of his passing: "There passed to the great beyond a loving husband, a devoted father, a true friend, a valiant defender of the truth. Brother Stayner was a true gentleman, honest in thought and action—cheerful, kind, considerate, obliging at all times, constantly loyal to truth and to what he believed was right."

Loneliness

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The wild rose waking near the sun-warmed hill,
The roots that mine the soil for gold to make
A new tiara for the daffodil,
Will challenge stormy flares in April's wake.
And budding twigs alive in amber light
Will practice sketching on a garden rock.
The high moon, weaving through the clouds of night,
Will leave strange, moving shadows on the walk.
The summer's calm, the winter's waiting snow,
And once again the robin's same redress
Will come, but still the heart will ever know
That these cannot allay the loneliness,
The wish to reach out to that somewhere sphere
Since now a loved companion is not here.

Lines for a Yearbook

Vesta N. Lukei

The sundial notes with moving shade
The present hour alone,
But in these lines a year is laid,
The milestones marked and known.

The way ahead with care forecast,
With equal care explained,
Becomes in time the living past,
The record still retained.

Life Is a Gift

Elayne Bybee

"LIFE is not a gift that you can send back. Living is a responsibility." I thought of those simple words that spoke a world of truth as the nurse laid the baby in my arms for the first time.

I carefully opened the pink blanket and beheld a tiny red, wrinkled face, so young and appealing, and yet looking sadly old and forlorn as if pleading for love. With a feeling of utter disappointment and yet of elation, my first motherly thought was: "Perhaps she won't look so odd when she fills out a bit and gets some hair."

Then the wee fist, which was topped by a pink plastic bracelet with our surname written on it, opened to reveal a hand as perfectly formed as my own; her eyes opened their blue wonder to a world, for her not yet four hours old, and her wee mouth formed the letter "O" as she yawned, stretched, and went back to sleep. My heart was captured completely.

As the rays of the afternoon sun splashed golden on the polished tile floor, I cuddled this bit of new life and knew indeed that I had been given a gift—from God!

I knew that I could never take my gift of motherhood lightly, and that I must treasure it with all my heart and remember always that she was a gift that I could not send back or give to another, but, rather, she was entrusted to me. It was my responsibility and my husband's responsibility to nurture, love, and help this child develop into the type of person God intended her to be. Yes, the task of molding and shaping the personality of this little girl was ours, and I felt heavily all my inadequacy.

As I held my child I thought of all the dreams that every mother holds for her children. Just as the springtime is a time for blossoming, a time when flowers burst forth with their blooms, so the birth of a child is a time full of promise, joy, and happy expectations.

What small things could we, her parents, teach her in a way to help insure her future happiness? We could not take out a policy called "Happiness Insurance," but if we could, what would the unwritten parts of this insurance be?

We could teach her the value of a smile and of time. We all draw the same salary in minutes and hours of the day, it is only their number that we know not. Knowing not how long or how fleeting her time on earth may be, it is imperative that she learn to live and enjoy to the fullest possible measure each day, and to harbor no regrets at the setting of each sun, for there will come a time when the sun for her, will fail to rise on the morrow.

We shall strive to teach her to be cheerful by being that way ourselves. Courage, enthusiasm, initiative, loyalty, honesty, tact, and morality—all these she must know well—and most of all sincerity—for without that, all else is insecure.

Optimism and ambition are the premiums on this "Happiness Insurance," and we must strive to help her acquire a set of ideals and standards so that she can always have a paid-up policy and can enjoy its benefits—the joy of living.

Let her seek wisdom and know the exaltation of faith in her Creator, in her fellow men, and in herself. Let her always find the beautiful things that line the trails that traverse the road called life, which she so eagerly came to meet this day.

The task of motherhood weighs upon my shoulders this day—but perhaps tomorrow it will rest lightly as a crown of which I shall be proud. These were my thoughts as I humbly bowed my head and said, "Thank God, for my baby daughter."

The Refuge

Margery S. Stewart

IT was evening when the girl came to the temple grounds. The Arizona sky burned blue as cobalt above the simplicity of stone. She hesitated at the gates. The garden within was so still and so beautiful, she shrank from bringing upon it the turbulence of her grief.

She pushed her hands deep in her blue cotton pockets. She had run here like a deer to the mountain, a deer, hearing the hunter's gun in the valley. Now she wondered why?

A gray-haired man stepped out of the shadow of the gate. He smiled at her, "My name is Anderson . . . would you like to have me guide you about the grounds?"

She shook her head but forced her tongue to the simple courtesies, "My name is Ann Prentice, Mrs. Harvey J. Prentice." But her lifted words brought no answering recognition to his eyes. "My husband is at the air base. He . . . he flies a jet." She carefully emphasized "is" and "flies." All must be in the present tense. Harvey is at the airbase. Harvey does fly a jet. He flies one today, and he will fly one tomorrow.

The man smiled, "A brave young man."

She nodded. "I will just walk around . . . by myself."

Mr. Anderson looked at her with concern in his eyes. She could imagine how she looked with her eyes reddened from weeping and the fear making them big and too brilliant.

He said gently, "I will be here for a little while . . . if I can help."

She tried to smile and felt the smile shaking her lips. She bit the lower lip and turned away. There was a pool of blue water before the temple. She forced herself to look into it and saw the white temple mirrored there.

She had no tears now, nothing but the trembling of her mouth and the fear that seemed to be in her heels pulling down in icy pain the tendons of her legs.

She repeated what Mildred Carruthers had said. Mildred, who shouldn't have spoken at all, but had been there and heard and couldn't keep the words from the loose wing of her tongue, "Harvey's jet is missing . . . three hours overdue. No word at all . . . except rumors of a crash in Dakota."

"Harvey," Ann whispered, and the name brought him to her at once, as though he stood there, tall and brown-haired, with his face changing from the boy she had married to the man he was becoming, the change most visible in eyes and jaw. The change in his fingers, too, growing thicker. His laughter changed, not coming so easily as before, moving back to make room for the man thoughts and words in a world that demanded maturity.

She moved away from the pool. It seemed as if he moved with her and helped her on. She lifted her eyes and saw the frieze in the corners at the top edge of the temple walls. One was of men and women

disembarking from small boats, and the other of a handcart company. She smiled grimly. There was no easy generation.

SHE walked down the path. She had promised her father to come and see the temple grounds when she first came and that she would write and tell him about them. But, somehow, every day had been crowded with Harvey and Harvey's life, and there just hadn't been time.

She looked around now. Dad would love this place, though for her it would hold forever the pain of this moment. Her father would thrill to the beauty of flowers and fruitful trees and the strange places that had borne some of them. The tree bending with purple blooms wherein the bees made a steady humming was from India—the little sign read. There was a yellow-flowered bush from Palestine, named "Wormwood." She forced herself to look carefully at these things because the pain within was too intense to dwell upon.

But her mind would not remain on outside things and returned to thrust itself on the thorns of the present. "Harvey! Harvey!" She put her arms across her breast and bent forward with the anguish. This day was the day which had been drawing closer and closer to her since the night she had wept in Harvey's arms, wild with happiness, because he loved her as she loved him. Wept because he would not go back and leave her again, but wanted her to marry him and return with him. Even in the wonder of that night she had felt the ominous wings of this day. This was the day she had shut away from her in the haven of his arms and the sight of him across the breakfast table.

Harvey had guessed, though she had said very little. When another jet had crashed he had written a note for her and left it on her dressing table. "Beloved Worry Wart: I always told you I would give you the moon with a ring around it and tonight is the night. Keep one eye glued on the east corner of heaven and you shall see what you shall see. Harvey."

She had obeyed him, walking about in the darkness in the patio of the motel they called home. Suddenly she had heard the sound of the jet, like the tearing of the skies, and had looked up and laughed aloud in delight and love, seeing the clouds of Harvey's jet in a slim wide circle around the moon.

But even then this day had whispered cold as death against her heart. Only when she knew the baby was coming she had put away the fears, perhaps . . . oh, perhaps, it might not come at all!

WHERE now, Ann? Where now, dreamer, with the babe beginning its life within her? It's like being on a train, Ann thought, the destination growing nearer and more beautiful, and then having the conductor put you off at a desert station, unknown and infinitely frightening.

Ann walked quickly down another path and came to a great stone covered with queer figures, mute evidence of a mighty people, long dead. She looked down at an Indian grinder holding in its hollow the polished stone ball. She thought of the Indians she saw

every day on the streets of Mesa and Phoenix, beautiful girls, tall, fine boys. She and Harvey had watched them march past in the Phoenix parade and a lump had come into her throat.

"They're beautiful," Harvey had said. "They are so real. They make the rest of it seem tawdry."

But it was more than that. There was an expression in their faces of determination and pride.

"They look a lot more 'delightsome' to me right now than some of their white brothers," she had murmured tartly to Harvey.

"Judging again?" Harvey had shaken her gently. Harvey was always after her for that. Harvey believed that no man could know the why and whereof of another. "God is the only one who really knows," he kept insisting.

Harvey was so sure of God. He reminded her of her father in that. When the two men were together there was no difference between them when they talked of these things. Beside them she felt young and unknowing.

The smell of grapefruit blossoms came to her on a wave of wind. She cried out against the fragrance because it reminded her of these past few months. This morning she had said to Harvey, "I wish I could put this day in a bottle, so I could keep it forever."

She shivered and was aware that the sun had long since set and that she had been motionless, how long, she didn't know. The high windows of the temple were lighted and she heard the murmur of voices. She looked up. Men and women were hurrying up from the gates, carrying their suitcases. Many of the people were older ones, white-haired and slow of gait. The men helped their wives. There was something in their togetherness that was unutterably hard to bear. She cried out in her heart against it, a bitter protest against the knowledge that for her and her generation there was no promise of the long years together, year folding on year with the growing of married minds and hearts and the laughter of their children about them.

A MOCKINGBIRD chirped sleepily in an orange tree. "The birds have their nests . . ." she whispered, wondering where she had heard the words. Memory brought back a hot Sunday morning in Miss Willoughby's class. She remembered herself, ten, squirming in the scratchy starched organdy dress. Blue, wasn't it? Yes, blue socks to match and white Mary-janes that she had to clean on Saturday afternoons. "The birds have their nests . . ." Oh, yes. Miss Willoughby was trying to tell the class about the Savior and his ministry, ". . . but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Ann sat up and looked about the garden. It was close to darkness now, the pools of shadows under the silver palms deepening in intensity. The breeze of the evening swept against her face, its fragrant coolness almost unbearably sweet after the heat of the day. It dried the tears upon her cheeks. She touched the stone bench with her fingers, and its coldness brought the terror racing to her heart.

She wrenched her thoughts away. It was in a garden that the Savior knelt on that night of his greatest

sorrow and he cried out in his anguish and would that he might not drink the cup. Ann's mind raced over the familiar words, they stood tall and terribly clear in her mind. Was there a place in the agonies of men where he had not stood? Even here . . . . Now her tears could freely come, and the anguish not be locked within, but flow out of her grief. For there was One who had walked this way before, only with greater pain than she would ever know, with depths of suffering of which this would be only a drop, but who had walked this way and said, "Thy will be done."

Ann lifted her head, looked about the garden again. It was beautiful, tended by careful hands, planned by hearts who wished only the best. All her life she had been surrounded by men and women who created gardens and churches and temples and classes wherein the young minds could be filled with sustenance against the bitter griefs of life. Her mother, her father, her teachers . . . little Miss Willoughby, who had doubtless wondered if any of the restless little girls had heard a word of her carefully prepared lesson.

Ann covered her wet face with her hands. Now she knew why she had come. All her life long the holy words had been taught her . . . a little here and a little there. She had thought that none of them stayed, that they had run out of her mind like water. But now she knew they had been with her always, the words that would give her strength in the hour of her greatest agony. She knew now that she could turn from this anguish in resentment and bitterness and cry out against it all her days.

She whispered through her fingers . . . "If . . . if it must be so, then . . . it is thy will, not mine be done." She took a deep breath and added, "I'll do my best . . . my very best . . . for the baby . . . myself . . . most of all, for thee."

She rose then and walked quietly toward the gate, all trembling gone, strength in every move.

Brother Anderson rose from his place beside the gate. "I waited for you. It is quite dark now."

"Dark?" Ann looked around. "I hadn't noticed."

Mr. Anderson tugged at her arm. "Come here, I want to show you something."

He led her to the blue pool, deep blue now, and she saw in the rippling surface the reflection of the moon, like a pearl on jeweler's velvet.

She saw something more. Something that made her cry out and lift her eyes to the night skies where a thin circle of vapor faded around the moon.

Evolution

Mabel Law Atkinson

A caterpillar crawled along.
Its clothes were commonplace—
A butterfly now wears a gown
Of organdie and lace.

A Letter From Mother

My Dear Children:

Well, darlings, we asked for it and now we have it. Summer! Desperate heat some days, but always with the cool evening breeze that gives us sleeping satisfaction.

This morning I turned the pages of a magazine and saw an article about what men find wrong with women as wives. I thought it was a bit hard on us, but the writer did mention that some of us do have assets, also. He said that what he wanted in a wife was a sunny disposition, first of all.

Perhaps this man has learned the value of peace in the home. You know, a lot of love can come from peace. Love, satisfaction, confidence, tranquility, relaxation, and fulfillment. It seems to me that no proper value has yet been placed upon peace in the home, in our day. Unlooked for favors and considerations may come from peace. A sunny disposition promotes peace and love in great abundance.

In the book of Proverbs in the Bible, chapter 10, verse 12, we are told: "Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins." The 15th chapter has many wise sayings about peace and happiness, such as: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance . . . . Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Here is advice for you, my unmarried son, want it? The molding of the character of the sweetheart you will choose was well along its way by the time she was five years of age. By the time she was eighteen it was quite well developed, and you won't be able to change her much after marriage. So, I would recommend to you, take a good look now, an objective look, when you find her. Is she the kind of girl who draws people, old and young, to her? Does she go out of her way for the comfort of others? Does she voluntarily see the bright side of things? Will she be likely to count her many blessings without demanding or expecting too much from you regardless of your circumstances? Can she encourage you when things go wrong, do you think?

When you find such a girl she will be a rare gem. If she is of your own religious faith, then marry her, if she will marry you. Have her sealed to you for time and for all eternity so that your children may have the advantage of belonging to your family unit always, even in the intimacy of God's own kingdom. And you, my dear young man, be worthy of her and appreciate her.

May this summer show true happiness at the top of your list of blessings. My dearest love to all of you. Please write to me soon.

Lovingly,
Mother
Clara Horne Park.

Instinct

Catherine E. Berry

A homing bird, with instinct straight and true,
Flies swiftly to her nest,
And so, in some such way I come to you,
Your heart my home and rest.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

PROBLEM: It is not possible for an editor to please everybody, and we find it difficult to publish all our subscribers think proper. Sometimes articles are rejected because they are unsuitable, and it is not possible to make the explanations public.

—Editorial

WOMEN PROOF READERS: There are a few women proof readers in New York. This requires perhaps an even greater amount of knowledge, for while the printer is justified in blindly following copy . . . the proof reader is liable to have the house about her ears if she is not able to make plain English out of the most illegible copy. . . . Spelling must be among her infallible qualifications. For this she gets anywhere from $12 to $21 a week, according to her skill.

—*The Journalist*

THE PRESENT CONDITION: Whatever fate awaits the people of this favored land of America, be sure it will all be over-ruled for good, for its destiny is upward and onward, though obstacles may have to be overcome, and dark clouds threaten. There will always be a silver lining somewhere, and if one has a light heart and a clear conscience he can stand firm and steadfast abiding the results which is, after all, in the hands of Him who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand. Above all the Latter-day Saints should not lose faith in each other, nor the promises of the Almighty to His people. —Editorial

A GLIMPSE OF UTAH LAKE

A score of miles toward the West,
The lake lies spread with sunset sheen;
Atop the highest peak I rest,
And count the hills that lie between
The valley and the mountain crest.

The changing hues of sunset die
In misty twilight, dull, opaque;
The distant sea-gulls slowly fly,
A crescent moon hangs o'er the lake,
Low down a fading evening sky.

—Laura St. Vrain

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SANPETE STAKE: The Relief Society Conference of the Sanpete Stake convened in the Mt. Pleasant Meeting House, June 9, 1893. President Mary Ann Price Hyde presiding. Conference opened with singing "O My Father, thou that dwellest. . . ." Counselor Sarah Peterson spoke of the many privileges we enjoy as Latter-day Saints in building temples and assisting in building up the kingdom of God. . . . Sister Lund expressed her desire to do right and prove faithful to the end. President Canute Peterson spoke of the promises that were made to the Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Temple, if they would keep the commandments of God. —M. W. S.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. LEONE JACOBS, of the Relief Society general board, was elected president of the Women's Legislative Council of Utah for the coming year. This organization is a member of the National Council on State Legislation, to which both men and women are eligible. At the national meeting in New Orleans in May, a Salt Lake woman, Mrs. Vernon L. Stevenson, was elected treasurer of the National Council.

MRS. LeROY McBRIDE this year won the Rhoda Corwyn Pickins national award for promoting interest in shut-ins. President of the Utah chapter of the national association, Mrs. McBride, who has been confined to her bed for fifteen years with partial paralysis, has written thousands of letters to cheer other handicapped persons. She lives in Hyrum, Utah.

BEFORE World War I (1914) only three countries had granted women the right to vote and hold public office: New Zealand in 1893, Finland in 1906, Norway in 1913. In the United States agitation for women's suffrage began in 1848, with the first convention on women's rights in Seneca, New York. It was not until 1920 that the XIX Amendment to the Constitution was ratified, making women eligible to vote in the United States. Today women in fifty sovereign states of the world have the privilege of voting and holding executive, legislative, and judicial public offices.

AN exceptionally successful Southwest Regional Workshop Conference of the National League of American Penwomen was held in Salt Lake City in June. More than one hundred persons were in attendance. Contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* who won awards are: Claire W. Noall, Mabel Harmer, Sylvia Pezoldt, Christie Lund Coles, Iris W. Schow, Olive Woolley Burt, Mable Jones Gabbott, Ruth H. Chadwick, Blanche Kendall McKey, and Renie Littlewood. Vesta P. Crawford, Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, assisted in judging the poetry.

MRS. ZADDIE BUNKER won her private pilot's license on her sixty-fifth birthday, probably the oldest woman student to be licensed in the U.S.A. She celebrated by taking four generations of her family for a sky-ride.

EDITORIAL

VOL 40 AUGUST 1953 NO. 8

Psalm of Summer

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer . . . (Psalm 74:16-17).

GRATITUDE for the beauty and strength and steadfastness of the earth is sometimes forgotten in the hurry and complexity of life. Yet there are times when the heart is full of rejoicing for the blessed privilege of life upon the earth, and this feeling of exaltation and thankfulness should be a lasting treasure throughout our days—not reserved for the season of summer alone. There should dwell in us a deep and abiding appreciation for the earth, which, if we are worthy, will be our everlasting home—when it is celestialized.

This rejoicing in the world about us is often most evident in children. I recall a morning in early summer when a woman was walking in her garden, slowly, and with sad introspection. The winter had brought a great sorrow to her. Then she heard a thrush singing, and stood still to listen. When the bird had finished its high, soaring notes, the woman heard a child's voice saying, "Thank you, birdie, thank you! That was good singing." The neighbor's little son, on the other side of the hedge, had heard the caroling and had expressed in childhood's simplicity his gratitude for summer and bird song. The woman's spirits were lifted, and she was reminded to count her blessings.

It is an experience of great solemnity and beauty to read again the record of the earth's creation as given in the book of Genesis, and to understand "the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

The Bible is replete with references to the prophets and the saints who found, in their closeness to the earth, especially in the solitary places, a close communion with the spirit of the Lord and a deeper comprehension of the purposes of life. The entire book of Psalms (one hundred and fifty psalms of majestic grandeur) reveals humility before all things of God's creation, yet portrays a lofty rejoicing for the goodness of the Master "Who telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names . . . Who covereth the heaven with clouds . . . who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains" (Psalm 147:4, 8).

It was upon the Sea of Galilee, along the shores, in the wilderness, and among the barren hills, that Jesus taught the people, sometimes only a few together, and sometimes in multitudes. The Sermon on the Mount, in which the Beatitudes and other great and eternal prin-

ciples were given, was delivered on a mountain, for it is written in the fifth chapter of Matthew: "And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain . . . . And he opened his mouth and taught them." It was "up into a high mountain apart" that Peter, James, and John beheld the transfiguration of Jesus and the appearance of Moses and Elias. It was on the desert road to Emmaus that Jesus, after his resurrection, appeared to Cleopas and his companion, and went with them to the village.

The love of Latter-day Saints for their habitations has been expressed in hymns of thanksgiving and rejoicing, in public discourses, and in private prayers, since the early days of the Church. In leaving Kirtland, in saying farewell to Nauvoo, there was sorrow for the loss of a beloved homeland. In the journey to the mountains there was a joyous anticipation of finding new homes "far away in the West." The desert valleys were not loved for their richness, but rather that they offered a haven to the hearts and hands of a people accustomed to difficulties and prepared to till the earth in humility and gratitude, and never to expect the green bounty of summer fields to appear without labor, without devotion to the land.

Those who were called to lonely vigils on the far frontiers, and those who were explorers of the wilderness, accepted their assignments, declaring the deserts were "vineyards for service," and finding in the remote places, a great love of the land and a rejoicing in a victory that became the blossoming rose.

Always it has seemed that those who have felt gratitude for the earth and earth life have developed compassion, understanding, and great spiritual values through a close communion with nature and with the beauties of creation, for "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness" (Psalm 72:3).

—V. P. C.

Achsa E. Paxman and Lillie C. Adams Released From General Board

IT is with regret that the general board announces the resignation of Achsa E. Paxman on June 3, 1953, and Lillie C. Adams on June 3, 1953, from the general board of Relief Society.

Sister Paxman has served on the board since January 1940, and during all those years she has placed the work of the board in pre-eminence and given unselfishly of her time and great talents. She was called to the board from the position of stake Relief Society president and brought with her a wealth of experience and a thorough understanding of the work of Relief Society.

Her many committee assignments and special assignments on the general board have been ably filled. She has delivered inspiring

talks at conferences and conventions and traveled throughout the Church in the interest of Latter-day Saint women. Her attitude has been one of enthusiasm and a determination to succeed, and her belief has been that nothing is impossible that those in authority require. Although it seemed unwise for Sister Paxman to continue longer the arduous duties of general board work for reasons of health, her interest and capabilities will continue to be devoted to Relief Society and her presence will be an inspiration to those among whom she will associate.

Sister Lillie C. Adams has resigned from the general board to accept the great calling of a home missionary. ". . . when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God" (Mosiah 2:17). Ever faithful and obedient to the Priesthood of God, she has accepted this latest call joyfully.

Sister Adams was called to the general board from her position as stake Relief Society president. During the seven years she has served on the board she has faithfully sought to fill every requirement made of her. In a spirit of humility and zeal, she has accepted each new assignment. She has explained the gospel to women of foreign lands visiting Salt Lake City, and traveled among the stakes enthusiastically proclaiming the blessings of Relief Society in a spirit of love to Relief Society women.

Sister Adams carries to her new calling a knowledge of the scriptures which will stand her in good stead and a burning conviction of the truthfulness of the gospel.

The love and blessings of the general board go with Sister Paxman and Sister Adams as they enter upon different fields of service, and the appreciation of the members of Relief Society throughout the world will be theirs for the work in their behalf over the years.

These Remain

Iris W. Schow

The folded wing still holds the feel of flight;
The fallen petal still is of the rose;
And painted on the background of the mind
The faded sunset's glory lives and glows.

The fragrance of the forest emanates
From every fringed twig of the Christmas tree;
The fluted shell miraculously holds
The mystery and romance of the sea.

The dream that ruled one moment of the night
Throughout the day is dominant and strong,
And the deathless soul in the aging breast
Still is of courage, laughter, and song.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Cost of Binding The Relief Society Magazine Increased

EFFECTIVE September 1, 1953, the cost of binding the twelve issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* into a yearly volume, with a permanent cloth binding, including the index, will be $2.50, when *Magazines* are furnished by the person making the request. If *Magazines* are furnished by the general board of Relief Society, the cost will be $4.00. The cost of leather binding, when *Magazines* are furnished by the person making the request, will be $3.50; when *Magazines* are furnished by the general board, the cost for leather binding, will be $5.00. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding. It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the *Magazines* for each year bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries. Send orders to: The General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Mother's Thimble

Elsie C. Carroll

One of the keepsakes in my treasure chest
Is a little gold thimble. It lies with the rest
Of priceless possessions I've kept through the years,
Made sacred by memories and hallowed by tears.

When I look at that thimble, I see a small hand,
So soft with caresses, yet strong to command
When evil assailed. Its touch was a balm
For physical pain; for spirits—a calm.

Millions of stitches it helped to push through
All kinds of fabrics, both old and new—
Stitches on baby clothes—dainty, straight seams;
On patches of jumpers and coarse, heavy jeans.

Stitches on trousseaus for bridal array;
On pillows and scarves to be given away.
On curtains and quilts and rugs for our home,
Where love and contentment with simple things shone.

As I think of the past, I whisper a prayer
Of humble thanksgiving that I had a share
In weaving, through years, the fine tapestry
That pictures the story of our family.

And I see as the symbol of what made it strong
This little gold thimble I've treasured so long.

Don Knight

ROARING EAGLE RIVER, NEAR MINTURN, COLORADO

Blue Preferred

Dorothy J. Roberts

I must have blue to keep me company,
Blue of gown, of ornament, and room,
With blue-winged minstrels homesteading a tree
In gardens, azure with delphinium.
I love blue carpets that ascend a stair;
The water-cool silhouettes where shade has lain;
And ribbons twining through a girl's rich hair
Like sky-tinted brooks threading brown terrain.
Something in me cries the color's need—
Knowing blue space the soul's first corridor,
With dawn's deep indigo, its chariot;
Knowing when sapphire zeniths shall have freed
The last noon metered to this earthly plot,
Infinitude will open a wide, blue door.

The End of a Season

Zera Wilde Earle

FROM her kitchen window Helen watched the school bus roll to a stop at the end of the lane and her children alight. A farewell flutter of hands, then the bus moved on.

Bitterness welled up within her. Those other children, she thought, all were going home to security, but her poor youngsters . . . .

The three stood at the mailbox now, ten-year-old Margaret on tiptoe to see what her taller brothers might find there. As usual, Helen thought of the letter they had brought a few weeks ago. It was from Mr. Moore, the agent who had control of this farm now. Even yet she could see that crisp sheet with its curt notice. The farm had been sold, it said. The new owner desired possession in early March.

Down at the gate now a daily joyous reunion was in progress. Helen watched the dog, Jake, romp from one child to another in frenzied bliss, then, barking ecstatically, tear round and round the group as they started up the long lane. Margaret, she could see, carried a paper bag. That would be the much-needed anklets she had told her to buy during school lunch hour. How the child loved pretty things to wear!

With a sigh, Helen took potatoes from the bin and began to peel them. George and the two little ones would soon be back, too. The whole family would be hungry. She should really fix something good for supper, she thought apathetically, but she had no heart for it. From across the bare March fields drifted the troubled cry of a killdeer. Was the bird, too, she wondered, being driven from his home?

George had tried to warn her that this very thing might happen. "Farms are selling like hot cakes," he said. "If Moore gets a good offer for this place, he's not going to turn it down just to give us another chance."

But Helen had not let herself think for one moment of that possibility. True, they had not been able to meet their payments, so, last fall, they had been obliged to relinquish legal claim. But they could remain as renters for a year, couldn't they? Then next fall they could begin to buy the place back.

They *had* to stay, Helen reasoned. Two years ago they had come here to make this farm their home. Their savings had gone as a first payment on it. George had given up his work down home. Now to go back, beaten . . . . She could not bear to think of it.

BUT that gray, windy day last month when she had seen two men striding about the fields, Helen had begun to fear defeat. The tall one with the tan topcoat flapping about his knees had looked like Mr. Moore. Her heart had pounded. After a time they had driven up to the yards, looked over the barn and sheds. George had been away. Finally they had come to the door. It had been Mr. Moore, all right. He had intro-

duced his companion and asked if they might see the house.

For several days after that there had been no word from the agent. The buyer had perhaps found a farm he liked better. Helen's hopes soared. Then came that letter. As Helen thought of it she heard a noisy scraping of feet at the door, and the children burst into the room, greeting her.

"Where are Dad and the two little kids?" Rod wanted to know. Helen said they had gone to town.

"Mother, you don't think Dad will let them run around town alone, do you? All those cars. . . ." Helen reassured him. What a sense of responsibility he had, this eldest of her flock.

Margaret came quickly to her mother's side. "Look, Mama," she invited, opening her paper bag. Inside lay, not new anklets, but several large bananas.

"I picked out the kind you like, Mama, with lots of dark spots on them."

"Oh, but, honey," Helen began, but Margaret hurried to explain.

"I saw them in the grocery window, and I thought if I bought these we could *all* be happy tonight, but if I bought anklets, *I* would be the only happy one." Then, wistfully, "You seem like you're not happy any more, Mama. I thought maybe if we could have a layer cake with whipped cream and bananas on it, you might feel happier."

Helen looked down into the earnest little face. "We'll have to hurry if we get it baked for supper," she said, taking a mixing bowl from the shelf.

Remorse began an insistent tapping at the door of her consciousness. Had she been so immersed in her own gloom that even her children had felt depressed?

THE boys had spread the comic section of the daily paper on the table and sat devouring it. Margaret chattered about Dorothy's new riding horse. Dorothy was her best friend.

"It's a raspberry mare," she stated importantly.

Both boys' heads jerked up from their paper. "Ho! Raspberry mare! Raspberry mare!" they laughed, and Helen was surprised to find herself laughing with them.

Margaret was not in the least offended. "What is it, then?" she asked.

"Strawberry roan," the boys cried out together.

"Do you know," Margaret continued, "Dorothy says she is never going to let Larry ride it, *not once?* She talks just like she doesn't like him—her own brother."

Rod wrenched his attention from the comic page. "Well, I don't blame her very much. You know, Mother, that cold old day when the school bus broke down, and we started to walk the rest of the way home, old Larry whizzed by on his motor-bike, and he didn't let Dorothy ride with him. She was nearly frozen, too."

"Well, their folks must be rich," Brent marvelled, "motor-bike and riding horse."

"I guess they're rich all right," Rod agreed. Helen felt a wave of thankfulness that no trace of envy marred their young voices.

"Well, our father lets us drive

the car a lot when he's with us," they agreed contentedly as they prepared to go about their evening chores.

The aroma of baking cake drifted through the rooms. Helen, spreading a clean cloth on the table, was aware of a familiar warmth within her, a warmth against which, these past few weeks, she had kept a door tightly closed.

She laid out her best silverware. Then, smiling tenderly, she brought from their high shelf a gaily decorated pitcher and matching glasses. These had been her latest birthday gift from Brent—not on *her own birthday*, but on *his*. For some sweet reason, which the boy never mentioned, he always brought her a gift on that day.

OUTSIDE, now, the dog's welcoming bark heralded the return of the rest of the family. From her window, Helen watched the two little ones scramble from the car while George stopped to gather parcels from the back seat. Dear George, she thought, how tired and troubled he looked. That tapping of remorse became a painful stab in her breast. He would be happy to go back to his old work, if only she were resigned to leaving.

For she knew now that George was not a true farmer. He felt no warm satisfaction at sight of a moist furrow falling back from his plow blade, of potato sprouts thrusting their way through the soft loam, of stubble fields dreaming in September sunshine. And, as if in retaliation, his acres only yielded mediocre returns.

But his skillful hands and keen eyes had helped him to excel in his old work down home. Why, she wondered, had they both become restless there?

"The farmers are surely making a mint of money," George had said, and Helen, remembering childhood vacations at Aunt Mary's farm, had been as eager as he to make the change. Well, she thought now, not every man can be a farmer; and the work to which George will be returning is important, too.

Dimly, some lines of Robert Frost's came back to her—something about people's reluctance

> **To yield with a grace to reason**
> **And bow and accept the end**
> **Of a love, or a season . . . .**

I think I'm learning to accept something, Helen thought gratefully.

The two little ones had stopped in the yard to pat the dog. Bernice took her cat, Hugo, up into her arms, then both children hurried eagerly into the house.

"Is it a birthday?" Jimmy asked, sensing a festive air. Then, without waiting for a reply, "Can we have my pink petunia on the table?"—the petunia he had painstakingly transplanted last fall from his own little garden.

AS Helen helped him wrap the pot in fresh paper, she thought, he can still have his tiny garden every summer. Our town lot will be large enough.

Bernice sat stroking Hugo's glossy fur. "Daddy says Hugo can sit on my lap all the way while we're moving," she said comfortably, her little world still snug and safe.

"Yes, indeed he can," Helen agreed.

Suppertime was gay. Margaret,

serving milk, noted that the supply of new glasses was exhausted by the time she reached her own plate. "A set of six isn't large enough for our family," she said.

"I guess you're the extra one," someone suggested, and Margaret agreed, "Yes, I guess I'm a fourth spoke."

In the ensuing laughter, George deftly exchanged his own glass for Margaret's plain one. "You mean you're a fifth wheel, don't you, honey?" he asked.

What a grand bunch they are, Helen thought. What good times we have. Thankful tears stung her eyes.

"Mama, your eyes look like there are tears in them," little Bernice said, then, in growing alarm, "Mama, why are you crying?"

In the sudden hush, Helen looked round at the six stricken faces turned toward her. She laughed shakily. "Because I'm so happy," she cried, "and so rich."

Gratitude

Evelyn Dorio

THE spirit of an old man seems to accompany me on my travels to a natural beauty spot in the West.

During grammar-school days we were dismissed from classes one midwinter afternoon each year, and allowed to climb the narrow stairway to the dusty attic, where a mild mannered man would project colored slides on a screen. We bundled up in sweaters and overcoats, and paid our ten-cent admission to—*Wonderland!* Once in the attic shadows, we crowded onto discarded benches, "handcarved" by our predecessors until the surface wood was textured like toadskin.

When the last overgrown boy had creaked up the stairs and found a seat, the old man clasped his hands behind his back—and welcomed us! Though his gentle voice was out of key with the noisemakers confronting him, he always smiled patiently and soon filled our minds with anticipation and wonder as he explained the program. At last the tallest boys switched off by hand the few lights dangling from the rafters and, as our eyes adjusted to darkness, the screen would reveal the first magic scene.

With this gentle-voiced man we tramped through Yosemite and admired the peaks and waterfalls; and climbed through the clouds to Mt. Rainier, where little white flowers bloomed in the snow. He took us through the Tunnel Tree and the Redwoods; he showed us Indian cliff dwellings in Arizona, and the Grand Canyon colored like sunset. At his side we ducked when Old Faithful spouted overhead; and with him we followed the narrow switchbacks to the floor of Bryce Canyon, while shadows fell dark as rain upon our faces.

But far more than pictures, this old man showed us how beautiful was our country! He held out a new world for our imaginations to behold and told us God had created it to keep our spirits from getting lonely for heaven's beauties!

Today's children, who can flick on the entire world in their homes as quickly as this man inserted a slide, can never appreciate how enriching were those afternoons when our spirits transcended the hillside walls of our drab little mining town and entered for a few hours a more wondrous world!

It isn't strange that all the places I long to visit are scenes projected on a screen in our dusty school attic. Nor does it surprise me to find this graying old man at my side whenever my heart feels grateful for God's beauty.

By Early Candlelight

Bonnie A. Kesler

VII. Arts and Crafts in a Pioneer Home

ARTS and crafts were developed in Annie's pioneer home to fulfill the desire to create culture and adornment, and also to satisfy some practical needs of the era. Manufacturing is the work of the hands, whereas art requires also the spirit or soul of man, and a satisfying occupation it has always been.

One of Annie's small boys, with others who were talented in the arts, were found using berries, roots, and leaves for color, and any material they could find as their canvases or boards on which they recorded scenes of their surroundings.

Some of the young ladies made waxed flowers, flowers from wool, cloth, silk, feathers, and sometimes natural flowers were used and treated for preservation. Beautiful bouquets were made, from natural grasses and grains, by Annie's daughters and their friends—some colored, others frosted with alum and artistically arranged in a vase, then covered with a glass globe. This was a cherished adornment in any home —flowers or fruit under a glass globe on a wooden base.

Among the needlecrafts carried on by Annie and other women, the most popular were weaving, spinning, knitting, crocheting, tatting, netting, embroidering, and cross-stitch handwork. Hand-controlled, loom-woven bedspreads and drapes in honeycomb effect were found in many homes, along with hand-crocheted bedspreads and drapes. Any item of clothing that could be knitted or crocheted was made by the busy, never-tiring hands.

Eyelet embroidery was another art of the industrious, competent pioneer women. An example of the type of sewing they did is the hand-sewn dress that Mary Walker made for her first child in 1866. Annie admired the dress, which was three feet long and had a border three inches deep around the six-foot lower edge of the solid eyelet embroidery. It involved months of patient work. To transfer the pattern from one space to another, Mary mixed flour and soot, then put it on the outside edge of her fist, pressed the fist against the finished embroidery, then stamped the pattern onto the new section.

A creative pastime for the women was making hair flowers. Long strands of hair were easily obtained from friends and relatives, different shades being used. Black hair was for blackberries, blond for lilies, and various shades were blended for petunias, forget-me-nots, daisies, and leaves. Fine stocking needles were used for the fine loops, and larger needles were used when larger loops were needed. A piece of very fine wire was bent in the center, making a double wire. These loops were made around the needle, then the wires were crossed to make the loop secure, and so on until the right number of loops were on the

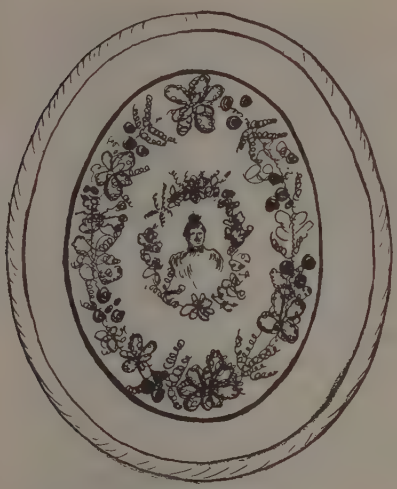
EYELET EMBROIDERY

needles and wire. At last the needles were slipped out, and the wire was bent to form the flower shape. Rough ends could be trimmed at this point. Then the stamens were made separately by looping a strand of hair and securing it with wire and twisting all the wire ends together. These, too, were placed under glass globes, or arranged around a photograph in a frame and covered with glass.

ANNIE, who was interested in millinery, had one of her carpenter friends make her a braid press. After straw was braided and bleached, it was moistened and run between the rollers of the press to flatten it, then the braids were sewn into hats, belts, or bags. Of course, hats were made from many other suitable materials.

Wool cards were an indispensable item for Annie as a homemaker, for without them she could not comb the wool before it was used for quilt bats or spinning into yarn for fabrics or knitting. Annie soon taught her daughters how to use the cards. They were a pair of wooden blocks about four by eight inches, with handles. The surface of each block was covered with symmetrical rows of fine wires or tiny slender nails protruding one-fourth inch through a layer of leather over the wood. The handle of one card was attached in the opposite direction to the handle of the other card, and the wool between the two was combed and combed until it was evenly distributed over the wires, then the heel of the top card was used to pick up and push the wool into a tiny roll or layer about two by nine inches, which was then lifted off the cards and placed aside in piles to be spun later, or placed directly upon the quilt top and added to until the bat covered the quilt top, a slow, tedious process.

Cotton mills began to operate in Dixie (Southern Utah) in 1862. Because of the Civil War, little cotton was raised, so there was a shortage oll over the United States. This was an opportunity to try out cotton raising in Dixie, and it proved



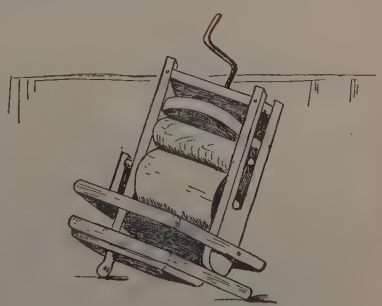
HAIR FLOWERS

to be successful. Both the silk and linen industries were attempted. One fabric which was very serviceable and popular was called linsey-woolsey. It was made of two-thirds cotton and one-third wool. Annie wove a warp and a woof of cotton and a woof of wool, making it a warmer fabric than all cotton and yet not as warm as all wool, and it was easier to successfully launder.

Friendly Indians gave valuable information to pioneer homemakers on how to use sand for dyeing and what they called their paint pots. Much experimenting was done, and various methods were used to obtain the desired shades. Native rabbit brush stems supplied yellow dye. Creosote bush gave a rich brown. Wild dock supplied rich brown, not only for material, but also for leather. A plant which grew like a toadstool in the hills and develops a round bulb, was used for making dye. When dry, powder could be shaken out of it, which made a good brown or black dye. The pioneers carefully cultivated the indigo plant for blues, and the madder plant for red, and purple was made from the berries of the plant. Brown and yellow dye was made from the leaves and roots of this plant. Not only did the factories dye, but Annie's family did also, and when the dye pot was on, it was an occasion for people to get together and dye all the fabrics they had accumulated for some time.

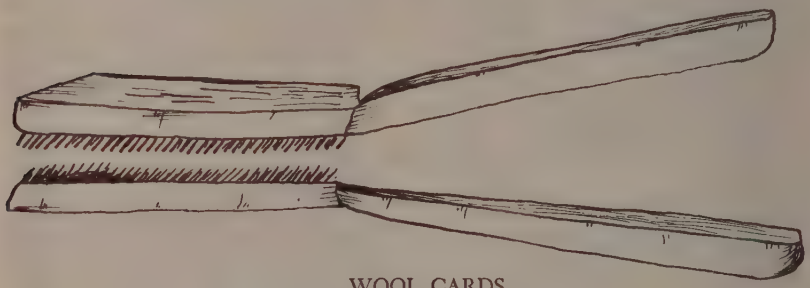
For a long time, however, fabrics were so scarce that the canvas from the covered wagons was dyed and made into trousers. Sometimes Annie's boys looked at each other and laughed until tears ran down their cheeks over their appearance. Each child in his turn lay on the canvas while Annie cut the trousers out around him. After the fabric mills began to operate, ginghams, plain cottons, prints, plaids, stripes, checks, and many of the patterns still in use today, were made.

The hardships and adversity which the pioneers lived through limited some phases of culture, but for only a short time, for when they



STRAW BRAID PRESS

emerged from their initial struggle for a living, the art instinct began to find wide expression. There was much natural beauty in the Rocky Mountains, the streams, canyons, islands in the great lake, and the sunsets. Poverty was not to keep these people from seeing and expressing the wealth of beauty which they recognized, thereby creating poets, painters, architects, sculptors, craftsmen, gardeners, as well as artistic and gifted homemakers. President Young consistently encouraged art education and accomplishment among his people.



WOOL CARDS

Three Years Old in August

Emily Carey Alleman

She helps her mother make the bed,
Smooths each wrinkle from the spread;
She sweeps the floor and dusts a chair,
Then brushes neat her tousled hair;
She never waits for you to ask,
But volunteers for every task!
To be allowed to wash the dishes
Is one of her most cherished wishes—
But how can parents keep alive
This interest after she is five?

Do It Willingly

Anne S. W. Gould

IF you are called upon to perform some disagreeable duty, don't grumble and think you are badly used, just take it matter of fact—it's life. We have to take the bitter with the sweet. It might help if you take it as a piece of discipline—one of life's tests. After it is over, you will feel better if you haven't put any disagreeable thoughts into the task. Who are you to have a flowery path all the time?

Special for Redheads

Part II

Hazel K. Todd

Synopsis: Marian, a young stepmother, is deeply in love with her husband, Bob, and has succeeded in winning the hearts of Patty, the thirteen-year-old daughter, and Robbie, the youngest child. Rusty, the nine-year-old, however, is so antagonistic that Marian doubts if she will ever find a way to let him feel her love.

A clang of buckets being thrown together brought her back from her reverie, back over the weeks to the present. She stood up and walked to the window. The clash of arms had ceased now. A pile of bucket helmets lay at the foot of the clothes pole, and she could see the knights preparing to leave. She watched with envy their goodbyes.

One boy, with numerous brown freckles and a pug nose, slapped Rusty on the back. "See yu tomorrow, pal," he said with perfect confidence at tomorrow's welcome.

"Sure," Rusty answered, with a grin that reminded her of his father, "you can be that Green Knight the teacher read us about if you remember what I told you."

She saw them take leave of Rusty, their leader, who was as free and easy as though he never would shut himself away from anyone. But, she reminded herself, these were boys he had grown up with, while she was regarded as a fulfillment of all the horrible creatures stepmothers had ever been made out to be, someone you must never speak to unless it was absolutely necessary.

Rusty perched himself on an overturned bucket. Marian watched him with a heavy heart, knowing that he would stay there, or somewhere else away from the house, as long as he could. She noticed that Patty was coming down the walk from the corner grocery, where she had sent her on an errand. Her heart went out to the slim girl with the bag of groceries. It had been so easy to win her confidence. Like Robbie, she had come to her with open arms. She looked again at Rusty, and suddenly she was seized with new determination to win him, as she had done the others.

She opened the door and started toward the bucket, her mind grasping frantically for something she could say or do that would bring results. Her eyes traveled rapidly over anything that might give her a hint. They suddenly came to halt on the grinning features of a bucket head, lying at the edge of the pile. She grasped at the suggestion it offered.

"This one looks like Lancelot," she said, picking it up. "Did you make it?"

Her newborn hopes were smashed as quickly as they were born. He stood up angrily and snatched the helmet from her hands, almost taking the skin with it. "Leave it alone!" he said with fiery eyes.

He turned and faced Patty who had come around the house and

was watching. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rusty," Patty said. "What makes you act so mean?"

"Mind your own business," Rusty said and went defiantly on his way.

Patty turned to Marian, and the look of apology and shame on her face almost made up to Marian for Rusty's antagonism. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't know why he acts like that," the girl said, almost at the point of tears. "It just isn't like him. He can be so much fun when he wants to be."

"Yes, I am sure he can," Marian said, taking some of Patty's bundles, and wondering if he would ever want to change. "But you musn't worry, Patty, I'm sure we'll get acquainted after while." She put her free arm around the girl's shoulders and they walked to the house.

Suddenly the girl stopped. "I know! *I know!*" she cried, with excitement. "Next week's Rusty's birthday. Let's have a party for him. Then he'll know you're not the kind of person he thinks you are. He'll . . . ."

Marian stopped. She was looking into the child's sweet face, beaming with excitement, and winking back the tears in her own eyes. She tightened her arm on the girl's shoulder, and leaning over, kissed her cheek over the bag of groceries.

"Oh, Patty," she said, "what a wonderful idea! Hurry, let's put down these things and do our planning."

MARIAN awoke early on the day of the party. It was as if she were a little girl again, she thought, as she lay awake planning over for the hundredth time each game, just what she'd do, the prizes. She could hardly wait for daylight so she could begin the cake. A dozen times she frosted it in her mind. Surely this day she would succeed.

"Oh, Bob," she whispered to him, as he kissed her goodbye that morning, "I'm sure I can win Rusty this time."

Bob was looking at her with his boyish grin and his eyes that were as full as his heart. "How could you help it?" he whispered with his arm tightening around her waist. "He has more resistance than any man I know, or he couldn't help loving you."

After he was gone Marian brushed the tears lightly from her eyes. It was wonderful to be wanted by the ones you loved. And today she would win her other man.

All day she worked with a growing excitement. Robbie followed close at her heels, with Blinky, chanting, "I'll help you, Mother, me and Blinky will help you."

"Of course you will," Marian stopped to assure him more than once, as she kissed his cheek while she thought of some little errand.

Then she remembered a little task that was just right for Robbie. "Robbie," she said, "I need a nice smooth board for a scoreboard, do you know where one is?"

Robbie was all excitement. "Oh, yes," he chirped with glowing eyes. "In the garage!"

"Good," said Marian. Let's go see"

Robbie led the way excitedly into the far corner of the garage to a glass jar covered with a smooth board. It was exactly right and she

lifted it with words of praise for Robbie.

But as she raised the board, she was startled at what it covered, a jar of water with round wiggling things swimming about with long waving tails.

"What are they?" she asked in wonderment of the small boy at her side.

Robbie was holding Blinky, whose eyes were bulging at the sight. The cat struggled to free himself from his master's arms.

But Robbie held the cat tightly. "No, Blinky, you musn't have Rusty's polliwogs. He would spank you."

"Polliwogs!" Marian gasped, "what in the world are they?" She watched with curiosity, the peculiar little wiggling marbles with their goggly eyes.

"They're just polliwogs, Mother," Robbie explained very carefully. "They're Rusty's polliwogs. He caught 'em in the swamp."

Marian placed the board back carefully on the jar. "Oh," she said, "I don't think we'd better take this board. Rusty probably needs it to cover up his . . . *polliwogs*. We'll find another."

* * * * *

AT last the time for the party arrived. Robbie had traveled around and around the table with the lovely lace cover and the handsome cake with its ten candles. He had touched each little bucket of nuts with loving fingers, and Marian had kissed his fingers impulsively, for, with her own heart so full, she could have followed him round the table and fondled each bucket of nuts, too.

Patty arrived early, with starry eyes, and when the boys, with wide grins, began sneaking in the back way as they had planned, Marian noticed that her hand was shaking when she laid their hats on the table. Now that everything was ready, and they were crouched together in the hall, with Robbie and Blinky squeezed against her legs, she suddenly felt weak. It was as though she were on the witness stand awaiting a verdict, and now that it was about to be given dark fears gnawed at her.

One of the boys giggled, and she was seized with fear as though he had upset the whole thing. But the door was opening now, and she knew in a moment Rusty's red head would appear in the hall. She shut her eyes and said a quick little prayer. There was a loud shout of "Surprise!"

She felt Robbie clutch the frightened Blinky. She opened her eyes and saw Rusty standing there. He was grinning at Beany, at Joe, and the others, and then Marian stood up. "Happy birthday, Rusty," she said, her eyes clinging to the happiness she had seen in his face.

But he was looking at her now, with a quick, sullen scowl. For a moment he wavered as though undecided what to do, and then he turned without a word and went out the door he had just entered.

"Aw, gee, what's the matter with yu?" tow-headed Beany asked disgustedly, and Patty ran after him, but he only shook her arm off roughly and went on.

Her first impulse was to go after him, but recollections of all recent experiences checked her. She looked into the sea of swimming faces about her and urged a smile through the mist. "Robbie," she said, "bring the scoreboard we made, perhaps Rusty will join us later."

But Rusty did not join them later. He sat on the ground and leaned against the rabbit pen. She watched him through the corner of her eye from the lawn where they played. She saw him scrape his foot on the ground and felt his eyes watching when he thought she was not looking. Once Beany put his thumbs in his ears and waved his hands like a rabbit at him. But he only pretended not to see. And Marian whispered to him to pay no attention to Rusty.

HE was still sitting there when Bob came into the party, his bronzed head gleaming in the late sunshine She accepted his smile with her heart, and then she saw that he was looking around the group for Rusty.

Robbie was at his legs, with Blinky close behind. "Rusty won't play, Daddy. He's sitting by the rabbit pen."

She saw Bob start for the rabbit pen and she went quickly to him, giving Patty the rope she was holding for the relay. She slipped her fingers into his big hand. "No, please, Bob, don't say anything to him. Just leave him alone. He'll be all right."

Bob hesitated. He closed his fingers tightly over her small ones. "But it's no use, Marian, your psychology doesn't work. It's about time something else did. He can't go on treating you like this."

He untwined her fingers and started decidedly for the rabbit pen. But Marian caught at him again. It would be the wrong way. There would never be a chance if he tried to force Rusty. It was she, herself, who was the trouble. It must be she who would find the way.

She thought desperately and made a desperate promise on the spur of the emergency. "Please, Bob, wait one more day. I promise if I cannot win by then you can try your way."

There was no time to be frightened at the rash promise she had made.

Bob stopped and looked into her eyes. They lighted with his familiar smile. "All right." He glanced at the rabbit pen. "Until day after tomorrow he can sulk with the rabbits, and then I'll try my way."

Robbie was at her side, with big, somber eyes. "Moth-er, can I blow out Rusty's candles?"

Marian caught her breath. This was indeed a disappointment. She had pictured a dozen times Rusty blowing out the candles, while they sang "Happy Birthday." She had even sneaked in a little picture of a smile he would give to her, a boyish grin with imps in his eyes like her other red-headed man.

"Can I, Moth-er?"

The picture quickly fled. She picked up Robbie's cat and stroked its black fur. "Why, I don't see why not," she said, "if Rusty doesn't want to, you might just as well."

(To be concluded)

Pioneer Hobbies Bring Happiness

Mayne Wright Campbell, Hurricane, Utah, Makes Netted Lace and Braided Rugs

Mayne Campbell, eighty five years old, is an expert in making intricate and unusual designs in netting. She makes many kinds of edgings, doilies, tablecloths, and trimmings. Her braided rugs have harmonious and attractive color arrangements and are so carefully braided and sewed that they lie flat on the floor and do not lose their shape in repeated washings. Mrs. Campbell also crochets and is adept at all types of needlework. The netted scarf shown on the table in this photograph was made by Mrs. Campbell and given to the Hurricane North Ward Relief Society.

Mrs. Campbell lives alone and does all of her own housework, keeping a lovely hospitable home, and welcoming friends and relatives who come to visit her and see her handiwork. Seven of her ten children are living, and she has forty-two grandchildren, forty-five great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. Her work in Relief Society began when she was a young wife, and she has served many years as a visiting teacher, and has contributed scores of articles to bazaars, including quilts, rugs, crocheted articles, netting, and many other pieces of exquisite handwork.

Mrs. Campbell received her name in a very remarkable manner. She was named Mary Emma, but as a small child, visiting in the home of President Brigham Young, he said, "There are far too many Marys, so I shall call you Mayne." She has gone by that name ever since.

Tenderness

Kate Richards

There is no substitute for tenderness. Resolve to keep that in mind when more violent emotions reach their heights—whether it is bitterness, hatred, anger, or jealousy.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Renie H. Littlewood

SOUTH BOX ELDER AND NORTH BOX ELDER (UTAH) STAKE RELIEF SOCIETIES CO-OPERATE IN SPONSORING A CLASS IN HANDWORK AT THE INTERMOUNTAIN INDIAN SCHOOL

Seated in front, around the quilt: Marcissi Patrick; Elinor Clash and daughter; Laura Bennett and daughter; Kathryn Daniels and son; Lillian Harrison.

Standing, back row, left to right: Ezma Knudson, President, South Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Aleda J. Nichols, Counselor, South Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Ruby Freeman, visitor; Beatrice B. Hansen, Chairman, Indian Committee; Hazel Bott, Counselor, North Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Lavina Clark, member, Indian Committee; May L. Jensen, Assistant Chairman, Indian Committee; Verna W. Burt, work director, Indian Committee.

Sponsored by the Relief Societies of South Box Elder and North Box Elder Stakes, the class in handwork, composed of dormitory attendants at the Intermountain Indian School, Brigham City, Utah, has completed many articles, including nine quilts, afghans, pillow cases, luncheon cloths, dresser scarves, table covers, and crocheted articles. The class has also learned textile painting.

Ezma L. Knudson is president of South Box Elder Stake Relief Society, and Lucille L. Wight is president of North Box Elder Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Thelma K. Timothy

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH), TAYLOR WARD ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING FROM NOVEMBER 1950 TO MAY 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Helen B. Green; Cynthia L. Peterson; Catherine Anderson; Inez C. Farr, First Counselor; Myrtle J. Peterson, President; Ellen Staker; Sarah E. Hadley.

Second row, standing, left to right: Evelyn Mower; Iletta H. Peterson; Maurine G. Wayment; Letha M. Hadley, Second Counselor; Alta B. Neilson, Secretary; Clara Anderson; Lillian H. Hadley; Francis Gibson.

Third row, standing, left to right: Ida B. Jardine; Hazel Favero; Veda Hadley; Merilla Gibson; Minnie Hayes; Louise Wise; Annis Hunter, visiting teacher class leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Helen Wintle; Wreatha Hadley; Opal Hammer; Ruby Skeen; LaRene Farr; Dora Hansen.

Edna Butters was absent when the picture was taken.

Amanda B. Hancock is president of North Weber Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Winniefred S. Manwaring

EMIGRATION STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT CONCERT April 17, 1953

The group includes seventy-five mothers, representing every ward in the stake Each ward presented a separate number, and the group sang three numbers.

The chorister, Dean B. Norberg, stands by the piano, and accompanist Beatrice Davies is seated at the piano.

Winniefred Manwaring, now a member of the general board of Relief Society, was president of Emigration Stake at the time the photograph was taken. Lucile G. Williams is the new president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Annie M. Ellsworth

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, ST. LOUIS (MISSOURI) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY HATMAKING PROJECT

Front row, seated, left to right: June Kemp; Geraldine Hirch; Florence Lermer, President, St. Louis Branch Relief Society; Mardean Steinmetz; Vera Oscarson, instructor in hatmaking; Ruth Mack.

Back row, standing, left to right: Kathleen Welch; Ruth Till; LaVoe Seamons; Mollie Hyer; Patricia Wright; Bonnie Allan.

These lovely hats were made on work meeting days in February and March and were worn on Easter Sunday.

Annie M. Ellsworth is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER (COLORADO) STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, April 1953

Front row, left to right: Amy Novakovich; Twila Athy; Gladys Rusk; Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society; Diana Calhoun, director and stake chorister.

Second row, left to right: Hulda Rawlins, stake organist; Bessie Greenwood; Mary Clifford; Lelia Higginson; Florence Killip; Rowena Root, soloist; Lorna Sorrell; Dorothea Slack; LaVaun Dixon.

Third row, left to right: Dorothy Villolobos; Jennie Rios; Lois Trenam; Enid Sherman; Lillian Cawood; Merl Hobday; Beatrice Self; Clotell Giersch; Josephine Madison, reader; Becky Lampman.

Fourth row, left to right: Lucille Hatton; Mollie Richardson, Stake Counselor; Amanda Willits; Lucille Blunt; Mildred Bowen; Jean Anderson; Viola Castle; Ida Kirklin; Lucille Henry; Ina Wilson.

The Denver Stake has ten wards and two branches. Six wards and the Spanish-American and Boulder Branches are included in this chorus.

Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), FIRST WARD ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM HONORING FORMER PESIDENTS,

March 17, 1953

Front row, left to right: Ione J. Simonson, President, First Ward Relief Society; former presidents: Helen Coplan, Nellie Kimball, and Elizabeth Rust.

Back row, standing, left to right, former presidents: Eva Johnson, Elnora Shupe, Bertha Galbraith, Lois Hunt.

Former presidents unable to attend the anniversary party were: Carol Wooten Blied, May Gibson, May Berry, Lorraine Rogers, Sue Flake, Maybeth Ashford, Geneva Cluff.

Esther Olson, in prose and poetry, presented reminiscences of the thirty-six years since the organization of the ward, featuring the special activities and accomplishments of each president. The organization of the first Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, was reviewed and the songs which were sung at that meeting were used for this anniversary party. An added interest in the refreshments was created by hiding a Relief Society pin in one of the cup cakes (arranged in tiers as a birthday cake). The oldest member, Carrie Niccolls, eighty-seven, was given a cup cake to take home to her husband, and that turned out to be the cup cake with the surprise inside, so Brother Niccolls now feels that he is an honorary member of Relief Society.

Lola M. Shumway is president of Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ruby F. Olson

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), TENTH WARD CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1953

Standing, center, left to right: Alta Killian, Secretary-Treasurer; Myrtle Layton, First Counselor; Eleatha Johnson, President; Pearl Smith, Second Counselor.

Seated, front row, left to right: Ruby F. Olson, President, North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society President; Theo Cropper, *Magazine* representative; Blanche Rock, visiting teacher message leader; Helen Waters, work meeting class leader; Edith Cleave, social science class leader; Laura Passey, chorister; Lucille Anderson, literature class leader.

The photograph was taken May 20, 1952, just five months after the new Tenth Ward was organized. Many times at the meetings, children have outnumbered the women present. In this photograph, there are thirty-eight children and thirty-seven women.

Photograph submitted by Maude E. Groscost

TOOELE STAKE (UTAH), TOOELE NINTH WARD YOUNG MOTHERS AND CHILDREN IN ATTENDANCE AT WORK MEETING

Shown in the photograph are twenty-one mothers and thirty-three children. The Tooele Ninth Ward was organized in January 1951, and since that time the membership in Relief Society has more than doubled. Many hobbies and homemaking skills have been introduced and put into practice in the homes of the sisters.

Hazel Syddall is president of the Ninth Ward Relief Society, with Ardella Smith and Lunnette Lowry as her counselors, and Elaine Johnson as secretary.

Leona P. Boyce is president of Tooele Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mildred M. Dillman

WESTERN STATES MISSION, PUEBLO DISTRICT, COLORADO SPRINGS BRANCH ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 18, 1953

Seated, front row, left to right: Mattie Smith, *Magazine* representative; Carol Snell, Second Counselor; Frances Haynie, First Counselor; Irene Miller, President; Grace Gardner, District Relief Society President; Avalon Smart, First Counselor in the District; Alice Masters, eldest Relief Society member.

A delightful program was presented at this party, followed by refreshments, consisting of punch and cake.

Mildred M. Dillman is president of the Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lileth Peck

LEHI STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 17, 1953

Front row, seated, left to right: Mary Anderson; Liliane Anderson, First Counselor; Lileth Peck, President; Naomi Chatfield, Secretary.

Back row, standing, left to right: Irene Wilson; Edith Evans; Ruth Stone; Norma Webb; Reba Allred; Lela Russon; May Bone. Second Counselor Margaret Barnes was ill at the time this photograph was taken and could not attend the party.

The stake officers and board members were hostesses to all the ward officers and sisters in the stake. Ruth Stone and Norma Webb acted as chairmen for the program, which was centered around *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Photograph submitted by Lula B. Reeder

NORTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY
March 18, 1953

Seated, left to right: Lola Nielsen, First Counselor; Mary W. Kotter, Second Counselor; Lucille L. Wight, President, North Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Pearl Hunsaker, President, Fourth Ward Relief Society.

Standing, in center background: George A. Nielsen, Fourth Ward Bishop.

Visiting teacher message leaders from 1946 to 1952 were Maggie K. Lee and Elsie Christensen. The new message leader is Laverna F. Jeppson.

As the visiting teachers arrived, each was presented with a corsage by President Pearl Hunsaker in recognition of two years of 100 per cent service. The visiting teachers were seated at beautifully decorated tables featuring miniature trees with tiny bluebirds on the branches. Pixies bearing 100 per cent banners and little hats were also used in decorating the tables. At the head table a beautiful bouquet of red and white carnations was flanked by white tapers. Decorations were in charge of Mable Forsgren and Lillian Knudsen.

Long Ago

Pansye H. Powell

Under the apple trees the grass was clean and sweet,
A thick-piled carpet for our palace.
Above, the leafy branches were our balcony retreat:
Each violet held nectar in its chalice.

We ate our green ambrosia from a bit of broken cup
And drank clear water vintage. We would never
Have traded our penates for the place where monarchs sup—
And summer was forever and forever!

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 18—The Completion of the Small Plates of Nephi

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Enos, Jarom, Omni, Mosiah, chapter 1)

For Tuesday, November 3, 1953

Objective: To appreciate the value of the characters and teachings of seven prophets and a king.

THIS lesson concerns seven prophets who wrote the last three books engraved on the small plates of Nephi. It also considers the king who received the small plates from Amaleki, the last Nephite prophet who wrote on them. The history covers the period from sometime before 421 B.C. to about 124 B.C.

A common theme among the seven prophets is that as long as the people kept the commandments of God they prospered, and that when they did not keep the commandments they sorrowed. Each of the prophets who wrote the concluding portions of the small plates obeyed the instructions of Nephi and wrote those things most sacred to him. Their words are of great value for us today.

Enos

Enos, the son of Jacob, tells us of the wrestle he had with himself before God, before he received a remission of his sins. On one occasion when he was hunting beasts in the forest, he began to think seriously about the words his father had told him concerning eternal life and the joy of the saints. So serious was his meditation that he determined to pray.

The prayer was far reaching in supplication and involved three separate and distinct requests. He first cried for forgiveness of his sins, and after crying all day long and into the night, a voice said, "Enos, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou shalt be blessed" (Enos 5). As soon as he had received assurance of the forgiveness of his sins, he asked how it was done. The Lord told him, "Because of thy faith in Christ, whom thou hast never before heard nor seen . . . wherefore, go to, thy faith hath made thee whole" (Enos 8).

Then Enos thought beyond his own problems and prayed for his brethren, the Nephites. The Lord promised to bless them to the degree that they were diligent in keeping his commandments, and said to Enos: "And their transgressions will I bring down with sorrow upon their own heads" (Enos 10).

Enos then prayed with many long

strugglings for his brethren, the Lamanites, who were enemies to his people. Enos prayed as the Christ commanded during his mortal existence, for those who had despitefully used him. Enos realized fully that they were a wild, ferocious, bloodthirsty, idolatrous, and filthy people, that they hated the Nephites, and had sought to destroy the Nephite records. But the knowledge of their wickedness did not discourage him from seeking their eternal welfare. Enos asked that these Lamanites should become powerless to destroy the records, that, rather, God would preserve them to come forth to the Lamanites at a future time, that the Lamanites might come to a knowledge of God and receive salvation. God covenanted with Enos that he would preserve the records and would bring them forth at a future time for the purpose of converting the Lamanites.

Enos and the people of Nephi labored diligently to restore the Lamanites to the true faith, but their labors were in vain. The hatred of the Lamanites had been fixed by their ancestors, and they were led continually by their evil natures. They dwelt in tents and wandered about in the wilderness with shaven heads, clad in a short skin girdle, which they wore about their loins. Many lived on raw meat and were forever seeking the destruction of the Nephites.

The Nephites also were hard to keep in the path of righteousness. They were a "stiffnecked people, hard to understand" (Enos 22).

There was nothing save it was exceeding harshness, preaching and prophesying of wars, and contentions, and destructions, and continually reminding them of death, and the duration of eternity, and the judgments and the power of God . . . . nothing short of these things . . . would keep them from going down speedily to destruction" (Enos 23).

The Nephites, however, lived on a much higher plane than the Lamanites. The Nephites of this period were tillers of the land. They raised all kinds of grain and fruits. They also engaged in stock raising, particularly the raising of cattle, goats, and horses.

Jarom

Enos died about 420 B.C. (Enos 25), leaving the small plates to his son Jarom, who engraved on them a short account of the Nephites. Jarom knew, he wrote, that the small plates were written for the benefit of the Lamanites. Analyzing conditions among the Nephites, he felt that it was expedient that much should be done among the people "because of the hardness of their hearts, and the deafness of their ears, and the blindness of their minds, and the stiffness of their necks" (Jarom 3).

It is evident that when Jarom began to write, many of the Nephites were wicked. There were some, however, who were righteous (Jarom 4). They were living the law of Moses; they did not profane or blaspheme; and the laws of the land were exceedingly strict. Their kings and leaders were mighty men in the faith of the Lord and taught the people ways of righteousness.

The Nephites had increased in

numbers by this time and had spread upon the face of the land. They became:

> . . . exceeding rich in gold, and in silver, and in precious things, and in fine workmanship of wood, in buildings, and in machinery, and also in iron and copper, and brass and steel, making all manner of tools of every kind to till the ground, and weapons of war—yea, the sharp pointed arrow, and the quiver, and the dart, and the javelin . . . (Jarom 8).

The Lamanites were wicked. They loved murder and drank the blood of beasts; they came many times against the Nephites.

The Nephites, however, won most of the battles, thus fulfilling the promise of the Lord that if they lived righteously they would prosper in the land.

In order to keep the Nephites in ways of righteousness, the priests and teachers exhorted them to live the law of Moses, to look forward to the coming of Christ, and to be diligent and long-suffering.

Omni

Jarom passed the plates on to his son, Omni. Omni declared that he fought much with the sword to preserve his people the Nephites from falling into the hands of the Lamanites. Then he added "I of myself am a wicked man, and I have not kept the statutes and the commandments of the Lord as I ought to have done" (Omni 2).

Omni received the plates about 323 B.C. and delivered them to his son, Amaron, before 317 B.C. He writes: ". . . we had many seasons of peace; and we had many seasons of serious war and bloodshed . . . ; and I had kept these plates according to the commandments of my fathers; and I conferred them upon my son Amaron. And I make an end" (Omni 3).

Amaron

Amaron, in recording the history of his people on the small plates, was about as brief as his father had been. He tells us, however, that by 280 B.C. the more wicked part of the Nephites were destroyed, and he points out the fact that their destruction fulfilled the prophecy spoken by the Lord unto their fathers "Inasmuch as ye will not keep my commandments ye shall not prosper in the land." Nevertheless, the Lord "did spare the righteous" and "did deliver them out of the hands of their enemies" (Omni 6-7).

Chemish

Amaron delivered the plates to his brother, Chemish. Chemish wrote only one verse, in which he testified that he saw Amaron write the last which he wrote on the day that he delivered the records to Chemish. "And after this manner we keep the records, for it is according to the commandments of our fathers. And I make an end," Chemish concludes (Omni 9).

Abinadom

Chemish passed the plates to his son, Abinadom, who wrote that he had killed many Lamanites in defense of his people, for the Nephites and Lamanites had much war and contention during this period. Calling attention to the fact that "the record of this people is engraven upon plates which is had by the kings, according to the generations" (large plates of Nephi), Abinadom

states that he knows of no revelation except that which had been written, neither prophecy, "wherefore, that which is sufficient is written," he says in closing his succinct account (Omni 11).

Amaleki

Amaleki received the plates from his father, Abinadom. Amaleki felt the need of giving an account of the movement of his people northward from the land of Nephi, under Mosiah, who was made king over the land of Zarahemla, and of their discovery of the civilization of Zarahemla.

Amaleki wrote that Mosiah was warned by the Lord to flee the land of Nephi with as many as would hearken unto the voice of the Lord. They "were led by many preachings and prophesyings. And they were admonished continually by the word of God; and they were led by the power of his arm, through the wilderness, until they came down into the land which is called the land of Zarahemla. And they discovered a people, who were called the people of Zarahemla" (Omni 13-14).

The leader of this people, Zarahemla, rejoiced in the presence of Mosiah and in the fact that they would now have access to the plates of brass containing the record of the Jews.

The language of the people of Zarahemla had become corrupted. They had brought no records with them when they came from Jerusalem at the time when Zedekiah, King of Judah, was carried away captive into Babylon (about 590 B.C.). They denied the being of their Creator.

Mosiah caused that the people of Zarahemla should be taught in the language of the Nephites, and he was made king over the two peoples in Zarahemla, his own followers, and those known as the Mulekites (Helaman 6:10; 8:21) then under the leadership of Zarahemla.

From Helaman we learn that Zedekiah's son, Mulek, had brought, under the Lord's direction, a group of people to this continent. They had landed in the north country, for Helaman writes, "The Lord did bring Mulek into the land north, and Lehi into the land south" (Helaman 6:10). With the coming of Mulek to the promised land, we have three of the twelve tribes of Israel represented here, the tribes of Ephraim, Manasseh, and Judah.

During the reign of Mosiah, the people brought to him a large stone with engravings upon it. Mosiah "interpreted the engravings by the gift and power of God" (Omni 20). It narrated the account of Coriantumr and his people, the Jaredites, who had come out from the tower of Babel at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people; and who built a great civilization in the land northward, and whose bones were scattered there. Mosiah learned that Coriantumr had been discovered by the people of Zarahemla, and that he had lived nine months with them.

Amaleki then gave an account of two groups of Nephites from Zarahemla who were interested in returning to the land of Nephi, the land of their first inheritance. We do not know the name of the leader of the first group, but he was strong willed and con-

tentious. As a result, all except fifty of the first group were slain. Those fifty returned to Zarahemla.

Amaleki's brother went with the second group under the leadership of Zeniff, who was one of the fifty to return. (See Mosiah 9:1-3.)

Amaleki was the last prophet to write on the small plates, as they were full, and, since he had no seed, he intrusted the record to King Benjamin, a son of Mosiah.

Benjamin

Benjamin had three sons: Mosiah, Helorum, and Helaman, to whom he taught the language of his fathers, and the contents of the plates of brass, which were written in the Egyptian language (Mosiah 1:4).

King Benjamin was very much concerned over his sons. He wanted them to be men of understanding, to be able to read and interpret the prophecies of the Lord. He desired that they should understand the real significance of the brass plates and the large and small plates of Nephi, all of which had come into his possession. He begged his sons to remember that the records were true, to study them diligently, and to translate their teachings into deeds.

Benjamin conferred his kingdom on his son, Mosiah, and gave him charge of all the records, the sword of Laban, and the ball or director.

Suggested Readings:

Bible: II Kings 24:17-20; 25:1-7. II Chronicles 36:10-21. Jeremiah 21; 24:8-10; 32:1-5; 37:16-21; 39:1-7.

Questions for Discussion

1. What theme predominates in these books of Enos, Jarom, and Omni?
2. What does the prayer of Enos unfold concerning his character?
3. Name the prophets who wrote on the small plates of Nephi.
4. Why did Enos try to create fear of the Lord in the hearts of the people?
5. Name differences existing between the Nephites and the Lamanites.
6. How does the history recorded by Amaleki on the small plates of Nephi connect with the history recorded by King Mosiah and King Benjamin?

Note to Class Leaders:

In teaching this lesson, the use of a blackboard on which the names of the different characters may be listed, will prove helpful. The following lesson (lesson 19) will set forth the teachings of King Benjamin, so this lesson, in relation to Benjamin, concerns itself only with the account of Benjamin as given in Omni and the first chapter of Mosiah.

Dusk in Bouquet Canyon

Ethel Jacobson

Sage, mesquite, and tumbleweed
Quilt the canyon walls.
Every bush a plump bouquet—
Russet, green, saffron, gray,
The colors change and interplay
As desert twilight falls
On sage, mesquite, and tumbleweed,
And a late dove calls.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 18—"And See That Ye Have Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Then Ye Will Always Abound in Good Works" (Alma 7:24)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 3, 1953

Objective: To stimulate the development of faith, hope, and charity, that good works may abound.

FAITH, mentioned first in Alma's quotation above, is essential to the success of any endeavor.

The Prophet Joseph Smith approved the following:

> Turn your thoughts on your own minds, and see if faith is not the moving cause of all action in yourselves; and, if the moving cause in you, is it not in all other intelligent beings? And as faith is the moving cause of all action in temporal concerns, so it is in spiritual. . . . But faith is not only the principle of action, but of power also. . . . Had it not been for the principle of faith the worlds would never have been framed neither would man have been formed of the dust. It is the principle by which Jehovah works, and through which he exercises power over all temporal as well as eternal things (*Lectures on Faith*, pp. 8, 9).

In the *Lectures on Faith*, we are told that faith "is the assurance we have of the existence of unseen things." On the same subject Ralph Waldo Emerson explained, "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

The necessity for both faith and works is a subject discussed extensively, both in the scriptures and by prominent religious workers. From these sources we must conclude that faith is the root of all work. Upon the interdependence of faith and works, James in the New Testament, gave the following testimony:

> What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works (James 2:14-18).

* * * * *

> If faith produce no works, I see
> That faith is not a living tree
> Thus faith and works together grow;
> No separate life they e'er can know.
> —Hannah More

Hope is akin to faith and encourages good works, but it has not the vitality nor the moving power of faith.

Charity, according to the apostle Paul, is of major importance in all good deeds. The spirit which accompanies the works determines in large measure, the good accomplished. All works to be effective should be tempered with charity, or its synonym "love." In The Book of Mormon, Mormon tells us that, "Charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him" (Moroni 7:47). One of President

George Albert Smith's favorite expressions was, "Love people into doing the right thing."

The apostle Paul says:

> And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity . . . it profiteth me nothing. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. . . . Charity never faileth (I Cor. 13:2, 3, 8, 13).

Charity is so vital in the compassionate service which characterizes our Relief Society organization that the expression last mentioned by Paul was chosen as its motto—"Charity never faileth" (I Cor. 13:8).

Good works are a natural outgrowth of faith, hope, and charity. These three attributes combined bring forth good works in abundance.

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Your Shopping Dollar

Rhea H. Gardner

(For Tuesday, November 10, 1953)

THE standard of living of a nation, a family, or an individual is determined more by the manner in which the money income is spent, and what it is spent for, than by its total value. Inasmuch as women spend a large portion of the family income, it is their responsibility to learn what to look for in buying and how to get full value on every dollar invested.

Experts calculate that a careful shopper who really makes comparisons and takes advantage of genuine bargains can earn $3 for every hour spent in shopping. But bargains, even real ones, can cost, rather than save money, if they lead you to buy things you do not need. With advertising playing the important selling role it now is, homemakers must learn to interpret what they hear, read, and see on the basis of facts that have been tested and proved by highly skilled and unprejudiced workers.

There is no magic formula for buying more for your money. However, there are principles which, if observed, will help you to do so.

Compare Values

Prices on similar items, sometimes even on the same item, vary from store to store. Different stores feature different items from time to time. Price is only one of the elements of a bargain. A low-priced item may not be a good buy at all. On the other hand, many people do not realize that a high price may not necessarily mean that an article has great worth.

To compare values fully you not only compare prices, you must also compare:

Quality: Read labels and tags. If there are none, do not buy unless satisfaction

can be guaranteed. The absence of informative labels is largely because we as consumers have not demanded them.

Design: Is it efficiently designed for the purpose it is to serve?

Purpose: Is it suited to your special needs?

Select Basic Styles

Furniture of simple lines is more likely to be harmonious in a room of mixed pieces. In general, simply made and simply decorated items are less likely to become dated and are easier to maintain.

Buy on the Basis of Intended Use

You may want to buy a fancy grade of tomatoes for use in salads, but a cheaper grade is just as good in soups. Fresh fluid milk is usually preferred for drinking, but dried milk solids are just as good for cooking or baking, and will cost only about one-fourth as much. A good quality hard finish floor covering is usually a better buy from money aspects for a dining room floor than is a carpet, especially if the room is used regularly by the family.

Buy on the Basis of Grade Labels

"USP" on a drug item means that it meets the specifications of the United States Pharmaceutical Association. If two brands of aspirin are both labeled "USP," it would certainly be uneconomical to pay fifty-seven cents for one hundred put up by one manufacturer, if another offered you one hundred for twelve cents.

Buy in Quantity

The cost per ounce of most flavorings is greater when purchased in small quantity. This is because it costs just about as much to package, handle, sell, store, and deliver a small bottle as a large one. Labor costs figure high in the retail price of goods. The cost of a certain hair shampoo varies from fifty-six cents to more than $2 per pint, depending upon the quantity in which it is purchased.

Before buying in quantity, however, one must be sure there are storage facilities adequate so that there will be no waste before the purchase is all used.

Take Advantage of Best Buys

Know your needs in advance and watch for buying opportunities. If you ascertain your requirements in advance of needs, you can save substantially by watching for special sales. Clearances and annual sales usually occur about the same time each year.

Do Not Buy on Credit—Pay Cash

Credit costs. Therefore, if you use it, you can expect to pay extra for the service. No credit charge means that all prices have been arranged to cover the cost of financing, because the extension of credit costs money.

Do Not Pay for Unnecessary Services

It has been estimated that a $150 sewing machine and a few dollars for sewing lessons can help cut the cost of family clothing from one-third to one-half. This includes no really difficult sewing.

The use of ready-mixes and ready-prepared foods have a place in some homes where time and energy are already taxed to the limit. For every service we receive, however, we pay high wages.

High incomes often encourage careless and uneconomical buying. Planned spending, based on long-time family goals, is a strongly recommended practice in time of prosperity as well as in adversity. Careful buying is not miserly. Rather, it is an important step in the ladder that leads to successful living.

Christmas buying can be carried to excess, and many budgets are strained for the rest of the year to pay for the holiday spending. Christmas buying should be carefully planned in advance, and by taking advantage of best buys, kept within the family budgets, so that the purchase of gifts will not upset the economic stability of the family.

By failing to take advantage of all the economies open to them, consumers help to keep prices up. Their tendency to demand smaller portions, more highly processed foods, and what might be called frills in the way of services, all contribute toward maintaining high prices.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. After-Christmas sales.
2. Pre-inventory and clearance sales.
3. January white sales.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 34—Alfred Lord Tennyson, Representative Victorian (1809-1892)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson pp. 593-654)

For Tuesday, November 17, 1953

Objective: To attain an understanding of Tennyson's later poetry.

Tennyson as Poet Laureate

WHEN Wordsworth died in 1850, a list containing four names was submitted for consideration in choosing his successor as poet laureate. On this list Tennyson's name was fourth. Yet he was selected, at the personal request of Queen Victoria, who had been deeply moved by his verse. Rarely has a choice been more timely, more appropriate.

Our last lesson mentioned briefly how Tennyson prepared himself to serve his people as their spokesman, expressing for them their hopes, emphasizing their beliefs and prejudices, resolving their fears. He was so near the great heart of England that he knew all its throbbings, and he pointed out the beat and rhythm to those not as alert as he. Tennyson flattered, scolded mildly, and inspired his age in language and on a level which it could understand. And the Victorians were so thrilled at having their portrait painted by such a personage; they were so awed at having so austere and loved a nobleman in their midst, that they never thought to wish that Tennyson might have been other than he was. He was theirs; they were his. Both felt happy and secure in the relationship.

Tennyson's Beliefs

Because his mind was typical of

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TENNYSON'S HOME, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT

the average Englishman, while his considerable poetic gifts were of a rare excellence, Tennyson is easily blamed by moderns for failure to be what he was not. It is self-evident from his writings that he believed firmly in the supreme destiny of the British nation, in loyalty, morality, science, progress, the domestic virtues, and in the worth of religion (not sectarianism), the conscience, and the immortality of the soul. Likewise it is known that he feared greed, other nations, national and domestic immorality, democracy, evolution as the successor to religion, art for art's sake, gossip, crowds, the flaws of his own early writings, and those who would write his biography. In his civic, domestic, and personal convictions he was unshakably confident, even narrow; in probing the great and ultimate questions of religion and the soul, he was not without waverings. But whatever he was or was not, we must never accuse him of being insincere. He took his high calling most seriously. Yes, he compromised the differences between science and religion; on occasion he was confused, and he changed his views, but he was never irresponsible. He knew his Victorian age and was so close to it that, while both expressing and criticizing it, he was strongly sustained by the intimacy of his relationship with those immediately around him.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than by "In Memoriam." When Arthur Hallam died suddenly in 1833, Tennyson was shaken to the very core of his being. Previous to this disaster Tennyson, a minister's son, had conformed to the social appear-

ance of being religious, but never had there been any need for him to thrust his beliefs into the white flame of reality to test their stamina and temper. Suddenly, at age twenty-four, his personal convictions were severely challenged by this loss of his dearest friend: either he must justify his beliefs or discard them.

For the next seventeen years he probed within his tortured soul in this racking, painful attempt at self-definition. By the time "In Memoriam" was published in 1850, Tennyson had chronicled in poetic form the anguished search for certainty which he felt he had been driven to undertake. Almost at once the poem was widely popular. Numerous ministers used it as a text for their sermons, while the reading public therein found expression and vindication for their own principles, whatever they might be. For by picking the proper passage, the orthodox, the liberals, the scientists, and the skeptics found in this poem what they wished to believe.

With Tennyson's ascending popularity England was again articulate, and the prestige of poetry and literary personages rose to a height in English life never reached before or since.

During many years when poetry readings were held in Tennyson's home, he could never be induced to read from "In Memoriam." He felt it to be such an intimate revelation of his own inner chaos and rejuvenation that he could not bear to re-live it in the presence of others. We may now read the poem, however, as a revelation both of Tennyson's mind and the mind of Victorian England which esteemed it so highly.

In Memoriam

If the excerpts in our text are to be accepted as representative, at once it becomes apparent how various are the parts of "In Memoriam." It seems a collection of mixtures. Neither in material, tone, intensity, nor in individual themes is it a oneness. But neither its origin nor its purpose lies in unity, but in a miscellaneous treatment of memory, loneliness, death; faith vs. doubt; nature vs. God; personal identity vs. futility; and, finally, belief in love, nature, and free will. In contrast to the bulk of Tennyson's writings, this poem has genuine emotional power: its tenderness, bewilderment, and memory of departed love move us to sympathetic emotional response.

There can be no better place than here to pay tribute to Tennyson as one of the master craftsmen in English poetry. This poem is his best, not only because it reveals the sincere, true Tennyson, but because it is presented in words and imagery precisely suited to its content. Nor does the way it is said ever detract from what is said. Tennyson was a most conscientious artist, as these lines prove, continually revising his work until it more nearly expressed his exact intent.

In the prologue we find the tone of the larger poem:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove . . . .
(text, page 629, lines 1-4)

Tennyson then appeals to faith as transcending inadequate knowledge, which by itself cannot prove values of the soul. And later,

We have but faith; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.
(text, page 629, lines 21-24)

After asking forgiveness for grieving over the death of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson ends the prologue by asking forgiveness for

. . . these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth.
(text, page 629, lines 41-42)

Two points seem significant. First, though the prologue begins with affirmation, and a majestic sweep, it ends in contrition, confusion, and a plea of mortal weakness. Next it should be noted that, while the poem is to praise faith, Tennyson "trusts" that faith is from God; likewise he "trusts" that Hallam now lives with God. When he states his certainties in the final stanzas of the poem he "trusts"

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved.
(text, page 636, lines 9-10)

Finally, then, the poem is one of trust rather than one of vigorous belief.

In the first section of the main poem, with its memorable lines that

. . . men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
(text, page 629, lines 3-4)

Tennyson begins grappling with the problems of Love and Grief and Death. Section II, typifying many others, is well done, since it creates in words the quality of calmness it defines:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall—
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair . . . .
(text, page 630, lines 13-16)

Three times in the poem he describes the Christmas scene and mood, each time effectively contrasting the traditional peace of the season with the unrest within his own heart.

In section sixty-four, page 632, he acknowledges the divine qualities within man, and feels security and nearness to some force larger than himself when he is alone in nature. In section seventy-three, page 633, neither Death nor Nature is to be cursed, since everything is governed by law.

Section eighty-seven, page 633, is memorable for its tender remembrings of schooldays at Cambridge. It prepares us for section ninety-five, page 634, a mystical passage of inexplicable power and haunting beauty in which Tennyson, recalling the scenes in which he knew Hallam, feels the presence of his dead schoolmate grow within him, only to end the trance "stricken with doubt." Hear and see the beauty of these lines:

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering. Not a cricket chirred;
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.
(text, page 634, lines 5-8)

While now we sang old songs that pealed
From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.
(text, page 634, lines 13-16)

Section ninety-five is a great piece of writing, and a memorable experience.

In section ninety-six, page 635, confused by his own doubts, he says:

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Section 106, page 635, is his famous

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
(text, pp. 635-636, lines 1-4)

Tennyson then lists all the evils of the past which must die, and the virtues he would use to replace them:

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
(text, page 636, lines 29-32)

Tennyson then acknowledges love as his lord and king, and love whispers "In the deep night, that all is well" (lines 11-12).

His final affirmation, section 131, is in freedom of the will:

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure.
(text, page 636, lines 1-4)

And thus, concludes Tennyson, with faith and self-control, and with truths realized through faith, we shall know again in love those kindred souls who were once close to us during mortality.

While Tennyson's doubts were both intense and prolonged, it was against his very nature, and the nature of mankind, to be dominated permanently by them. By the truths of life, and all existence as he saw it, Tennyson *had* to believe, and he spoke to an age desperately anxious to believe with him.

Later Minor Poems

In his mature years Tennyson produced a great volume of poetry, little of which can be noted here. Many excellent poems in our text must go unacknowledged. However, we should be reminded of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (page 637), since it is representative of Tennyson's tingling patriotic poems (not in the text), such as "The Revenge," "Ode on the Death of Wellington," and "The Defense of Lucknow," which for decades endeared him to all schoolboys and all loyal Englishmen. His two homely dialect poems describing the changes in the independent, brusque northern farmer further demonstrate his versatility, not only in his skill at managing the new material, but in the way he emphasizes the undue importance the new generation attaches to "proputty, proputty, proputty" (pp. 641, 643). "Rizpah," one of Tennyson's most magnificent poems, unfortunately is not included in our text.

Idylls of the King

In our generation Tennyson is perhaps best known for his series of twelve long poems based on Arthurian legends, which appeared at irregular intervals from 1859 to 1885. Many of his readers found it pleasant to escape from the growing complexities of the times by reading his beautified creation of his fanci-

ful-historical realm of England's own glorious heroes. These heroic figures—King Arthur, Launcelot, and, particularly, Sir Galahad—appealed to the lofty concepts and solid moral standards of his readers. Also in the *Idylls* Tennyson indulged his love of rich description, mystery, and the supernatural.

The first poem in the series, "The Coming of Arthur," leaves several loose strands in the reader's mind, and fails to distinguish successfully between his characters, as such, and their allegorical significance. But these details become of little consequence when Tennyson begins casting his own magic spell, to be seen at work in his description of the mysterious Lady of the Lake. (See page 650, lines 282-293.)

In the *Idylls* Tennyson happily combined his word-music, dazzling imagery, love of the English past, and his power to depict moral, heroic characters. For those who love the rewards found in the realm of imagination, reading from the *Idylls of the King* will always be rewarding.

"Crossing the Bar"

And, at the end, "Crossing the Bar" (page 654), which we have long known and loved for its clear, simple images, its smoothness and tight construction, and the serene peace of the life hereafter, will be especially rewarding. Life is better for having possessed this poem, just as it is richer for having known Tennyson and his considerable contribution to English literature.

Questions for Discussion

1. Do you consider "In Memoriam" Tennyson's greatest work? Why?
2. Can you account for the popularity of *Idylls of the King*?
3. What do you like best in Tennyson? In his poetry?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 2—Latter-day Saint View of the Constitution of the United States

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, November 24, 1953

Objective: To review the scriptural foundation of Latter-day Saint beliefs concerning the Constitution.

PRELIMINARY to an examination of the Constitution itself, it is important to review the Latter-day Saint teachings and philosophy regarding this great document. In making brief mention of those beliefs and attitudes, it will be necessary to refer to much which may be to most, if not all, Relief Society women already well known. Therefore, it is anticipated that the following material will, for the most part, present a review of scriptural and other material which is already familiar. This is considered to be justified because of the great significance the Latter-day Saints place upon the Constitution in its rela-

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THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

tionship to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Significance of Constitution to Latter-day Saints

The importance of the Constitution in the eyes of Latter-day Saints springs essentially from two sources. The first of these sources is scriptural. The second source springs from a long and bitter Latter-day Saint struggle to attain religious freedom, equality, and justice under the Constitution. No people living in America has ever been more sorely tried and persecuted for religious reasons than have the Latter-day Saints. On the other hand, no other people is possessed of such wonderful scriptural support for their beliefs in relation to the Constitution as are the Latter-day Saints.

In proper sequence, first consideration should be devoted to the scriptural foundation of Latter-day Saint beliefs regarding this great charter of freedom. Latter-day Saint views on the Constitution of the United States are unique in that they are bound up in Latter-day Saint philosophy concerning the proper relationship existing between people and government. The basic Latter-day Saint view relating to the Constitution is essentially that it is a document of divine origin and, further, that the founding of this great country was directly connected with the restoration of the gospel. The Latter-day Saints are not, perhaps, the only people who believe that the Constitution was divinely inspired, but, of course, they are the only people placing any

significance upon the writing of the Constitution as an event preceding the restoration of the gospel in the latter days. The facts are, that Latter-day Saints have always been devoted defenders and protectors of the Constitution, attaching to it and to the Government under it, a far greater significance and importance than it would otherwise have.

Rise of Gentile Nations Foretold in Book of Mormon

The prophets of the Book of Mormon foretold the coming forth of the gospel upon this continent in a Gentile nation which the Lord would raise up. The description of that nation in The Book of Mormon so perfectly fits the description of our country as we know it, as to leave no doubt as to its identity. Thus it is recorded in I Nephi 13:12-19 that the following events were to transpire: A man among the Gentiles, separated from the seed of Nephi's brethren by much water, through the Spirit of God, would go forth upon the waters to the land where Nephi's brethren lived. Thereafter, other Gentiles should follow in course of time who would smite and scatter the seed of Nephi's brethren. Following this, the Gentiles from the mother country would go forth to battle against the Gentiles who had come to this land. Because the Gentiles living here would humble themselves before the Lord, his power would be with them and they should prevail over the Gentiles who would destroy them or render them captive. Finally, the Gentiles occupying this land should prosper. It is also noteworthy that the Gentiles coming to this land are referred to as coming out of captivity.

We know as a matter of history that following the coming of Columbus, there came from the Gentile nations of Europe many groups of people. We know, also, that they came out of relative captivity, many of them in search of religious freedom, and others for the purpose of securing economic opportunity and freedom from severe economic and social oppression. They came from countries where only the privileged few were allowed to enjoy life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. They came from countries where the acquisition of property and education by common people was extremely difficult, if not impossible. How can anyone deny that most of those coming to this land came out of captivity?

We know that the Indians, the seed of Nephi's brethren, were in very deed smitten and scattered. It is a fact of history that the Gentiles from the mother countries did attempt to subdue and again render captive those Gentiles who had come and settled in this land, and that this attempt failed. Viewed in the perspective of history, it is a miracle that these attempts were unsuccessful. The greatest nations of the earth were the Gentile nations of Europe, and they were arrayed against but a handful of Gentiles upon this land. Judged by all of the outward appearance of power, the Gentiles of this land should have easily been subdued. That this did not occur is also a fact of history. Finally, the Gentiles upon this land have prospered. It is a fact that this nation under the Con-

stitution has prospered and grown into the mightiest nation on earth. Furthermore, the Gentiles who came to dwell in this land, not only in what became the United States, but in every part of North and South America, threw off the yoke of their mother countries and each secured its political independence.

In I Nephi 22:7 it states that a mighty nation is to be founded upon this land. Certainly, as has been observed, such a description can fit no other nation save our own.

The Book of Mormon also tells us that this should be a land of liberty, and that no Gentile kings should rule over it, and that it should be fortified against all other nations (II Nephi 10:11-12). The Gentiles were to be set up as a free people in this land by the power of the Lord (III Nephi 21:4).

Fulfillment of Prophecies

None can gainsay that this foretelling has been literally fulfilled. This land became and is a land of liberty. It has been fortified against all other nations. So much is this so that no other nation or group of nations has thus far been permitted to prevail against it. No king has ever been able to maintain sway or power in this land. We know of the sad and pitiful attempt made by Napoleon III to install a puppet king, Maximilian in Mexico, and the tragic ending of that attempt. For a short time the son (Pedro I) of a king of Portugal and his son (Pedro II) ruled in Brazil, only to be overthrown in 1889. We take it to be literally true that this land was set up as a land of freedom to the Gentiles living here and that this was accomplished by the power of the Lord.

While we remind ourselves and our Gentile brethren that the fortuitous blessings which this land has enjoyed are conditional, nevertheless the fact remains that thus far this happy situation has been permitted to prevail.

Constitution Divinely Inspired

Further and even more definite and explicit references to the Government of this great country, the purposes of its founding, and the manner in which the Lord caused the Constitution to be written are found in the Doctrine and Covenants. In section 101:77-80 the Lord said:

> According to the laws and constitution of the people, which I have suffered to be established, and should be maintained for the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles;
>
> That every man may act in doctrine and principle pertaining to futurity, according to the moral agency which I have given unto him, that every man may be accountable for his own sins in the day of judgment.
>
> Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another.
>
> And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood.

Again in section 98:4-6, the Lord says:

> And now, verily I say unto you concerning the laws of the land, it is my will that my people should observe to do all things whatsoever I command them.
>
> And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privi-

Suggested

RELIEF SOCIETY CHORAL NUMBERS

SSA

God Shall Wipe Away All Tears Roma	$ .16
How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place Brahms	.22
I Will Thank Thee, O Lord—Moir	.15
Lo, My Shepherd Is Divine Haydn	.22
Lord, Hear Our Prayer—Verdi	.15
My Soul Is Athirst For God Madsen	.20
Ode To Immortality—Larsen	.20
One World—O'Hara	.20
Out of the Depths—Todd	.20
Peace I Leave With You—Roberts	.15

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leges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me.

Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land.

In the dedicatory prayer of the Kirtland Temple, the following was said:

Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth; have mercy upon the rulers of our land; may those principles, which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever (D. & C. 109:54).

This dedicatory prayer was revealed to Joseph Smith by the Lord, and its reference to the Constitution is a further testimony to the Latter-day Saints of the divine origin of that Constitution. Of course, the statements contained in section 101 are a direct and explicit revelation of God's hand in the establishment of our country and its fundamental charter, the Constitution. The admonition, in section 98, to uphold and sustain the principle of constitutional government and laws enacted which are in conformity to it, give point and emphasis to the Latter-day Saint view upon constitutional government, which has been evidenced by the teachings and writings of our leaders for over a hundred years.

Constitutional Principles Vital to Restoration of the Church

It is not necessary to dwell at great length upon the history of the struggles of Joseph Smith and his followers and successors for liberty and freedom of conscience. It is enough to recall the unhappy fact

that Latter-day Saints were forced to learn through sorrowful experience and persecution the value of the liberties and freedoms guaranteed under the Constitution. Though these liberties and freedoms which should have been protected were ofttimes denied to the Church and its followers; nevertheless, the Church and its leaders never lost sight of the fact that constitutional principles are vital to the restored Church. Without them, the gospel could not have been restored.

A moment's reflection should convince even the skeptic that only in this land could Mormonism have come forth. Let us ask ourselves in what other country would it have been possible, including the other countries of the American continent? It could not have happened in any nation where there was an established or state - supported church, or in a nation where the laws were such that only one church was accorded legal recognition and protection. The United States of America was the only one which could qualify for this great purpose.

Finally, we know from the revealed scripture, as given to us in The Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, that this was the chosen land upon which the great restoration was to be accomplished. In conclusion, let us, therefore renew our appreciation of the blessings of liberty. Let us be vigilant in the defense of the principle of free agency. Let us uphold the Constitution of the United States. In so doing, we shall be following in the footsteps of our predecessors in maintaining a tradition of loyalty and devotion to the Constitution and true constitutional principles to which we, as a people, have been devoted from the beginning.

References

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *The Progress of Man*, Chapter 29 "Church Authorities and the Constitution," pp. 335-345.

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the scriptural sources of Latter-day Saint beliefs in the Constitution?
2. What makes the Latter-day Saints unique in their devotion to the Constitution?
3. What does the Lord require of Latter-day Saints in the way of support of the Constitution?

Books Dealing With American History Circa 1760-1790

Helen P. Gibson

President, Utah Library Association

THE following lists of books, non-fiction and fiction, are presented through the kindness of Mrs. Helen P. Gibson, President of Utah Library Association, as suggested reading for the social science course, "The Constitution of the United States." While all the books listed will not have the same appeal to different readers, it is hoped that this list will help readers, in line with their individual

tastes, choose books which will give them a background and deeper understanding of the years preceding and during which the Constitution of the United States was written. Your local library may have other books to suggest.

Acknowledgment is also made to Dr. G. Homer Durham, Elder Thomas Cottam Romney, and Miss Abbie Wells.

Mrs. Gibson says, "I am glad to recommend these books about the formation and development of "Our Way of Life."

ADAMS, J. T.: *Epic of America*, Little-Brown & Co., Boston, 1933.

COMMAGER, HENRY STEELE, Ed.: *Living Ideas in America*, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1951.
Here is a storehouse of eloquent expressions of American ideas and institutions—in literature, history, memoirs, speeches, and documents.

FINDLAY, BRUCE, AND ESTHER: *Your Rugged Constitution*, Stanford University Press, 1950. (American Ideals Series)
How America's House of Freedom is planned and built.

FORBES, ESTHER: *Johnny Tremain*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1943. (Winner of the John Newberry Medal, 1944)
This story of a young Boston apprentice was written for young people, but people of every age have enjoyed it.

JOHNSON, Gerald W.: *This American People*, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1951.
Here is a primer of what America can mean to us, a vital and essential exposition of the ideas that made American greatness, that now, as never before, should inspire every thoughtful American.

MEIGS, CORNELIA L.: *The Violent Men*, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1949.
The study of human relations in the first American congress.

PEATTIE, DONALD C.: *American Heartwood*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1949.
Some of the great stories of our past (told) against a new background of the primeval American forest, which had so much to do with making us what we are.

RICHTER, CONRAD: *The Trees*, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1947.
Pioneer life at the beginning of the 19th century.

VAN DOREN, CARL C: *The Great Rehearsal*, The Viking Press, New York, 1948.
The story of the making and ratifying of the Constitution of the United States.

VAN DOREN, CARL C.: *Jane Mecom*, The Viking Press, New York, 1950.
The favorite sister of Benjamin Franklin, her life here first fully narrated from their entire surviving correspondence.

The *Standard Fiction Catalogue* recommends these books:

ALLEN, MERRITT P.: *Battle Lanterns*, Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York, 1949.
The revolutionary period in South Carolina under the leadership of the Swamp Fox, Francis Marion. (easy reading)

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE: *The Conqueror*, J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1902.
A dramatized biography of Alexander Hamilton.

BOYD, WALTER D.: *Drums Along the Mohawk*, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1936.
The story of how the Revolution affected the farmers on the frontiers.

BOYD, WALTER D.: *Wilderness Clearing*, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1944.
Mohawk Valley frontier in 1777. (easy reading)

DECKER, MALCOLM: *The Rebel and the Turncoat*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1949.
Politics in 1775. (easy reading)

FEUCHTWANGER, LEON: *Proud Destiny*
The Viking Press, New York, 1947.
The court of Marie Antoinette and

Louis XVI. Benjamin Franklin and Beaumarchais are outstanding figures.

FLETCHER, INGLIS C.: *Raleigh's Eden*, The Bobbs Merrill Company, Inc., Indianapolis, 1940.
Begins in 1765 and ends in 1782. (easy reading)

FLETCHER, INGLIS C.: *Toil of the Brave*, The Bobbs Merrill Company, Inc., Indianapolis, 1946.
A romance set in the turbulent years 1779-1780.

FREY, RUBY F.: *Red Morning*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1945.
The teeming, perilous life of a frontier outpost is given vivid credibility through insistence on small details.

RICHTER, CONRAD: *Free Man*, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1943.
A young emigrant from Palestine seeks political freedom among the Pennsylvania Dutch.

ROBERTS, KENNETH L.: *Arundel*, Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, 1930.
Recollections of a soldier who was attached to the secret expedition led by Colonel Benedict Arnold against Quebec.

SANDBURG, CARL: *Remembrance Rock*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1948.
A long account of a family from the early 17th century to V. E. Day.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE: *The Virginians*, The Macmillan Co., New York, Virginia and London in 1756-1780.

TURNBULL, AGNES S.: *Day Must Dawn*, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1942.
The pioneer experiences of a Scotch-Irish family in the back country of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAMS, BEN AMES: *Come Spring*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1940.
A novel of ordinary people in a remote Maine settlement. A true picture of frontier life.

ZARA, LOUIS: *This Land of Ours*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1940.
Panorama of American frontier life between 1755 and 1835.

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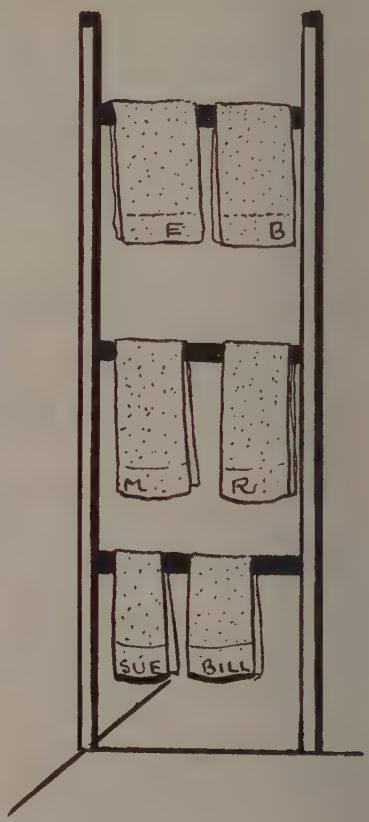

Bathroom Tricks

Make A Towel Tree

Elizabeth Williamson

For much needed extra towel space for the large family, make a towel tree. The younger children can easily reach the first rung, the older children the second, and the adults the third.

Family Treasures

Bernice T. Clayton

Today is cupboard cleaning day;
These precious things I own
Bring each a tender memory
Of loved ones I have known.

My mother's luscious birthday cakes,
Each crowned this crystal stand.
These fragile, moss-rose, company cups
Were cared for by her hand.

Great-grandma's quaint old silver shone
In gracious candlelight,
That giant cup for bread and milk
Was father's own delight.

This baby plate, that celery vase,
Dear grandpa's bowl of blue—
How much we miss of memory
When everything is new!

Whispered Wisdom

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I was five summers old
When my grandma went
With her seventy-five
Long winters spent.

After the trek,
In a frontier town,
Twice-wed, twice-widowed,
And desert brown.

And here is the whole
Of my memories:
A willow tree humming
With blossom-fed bees

A final farewell
And words slowly said,
Keeping her wisdom
Alive in my head.

"Don't try to get even,
Revenge never pays.
A quarrel feeds quarrels.
Sow peace
Through your days."

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As We Journey Along

Esther Warburton

FIRST and foremost in our lives is the joy of the restored gospel, the testimony we have burning within us of the truth of its teachings, to know the joy of service, the realization that we have a Heavenly Father who hears and answers our prayers. Because of that knowledge we have a wider, more comprehensive view of things both spiritual and material. The joy that comes from this source is true joy, because it is lasting, and will "never pass into nothingness."

May we learn to evaluate life and to know a true sense of values. Above all, may we so live that the testimony we have of the truth may run like a golden thread through the tapestry of our lives.

So many things give joy to us through beauty, so many things to please the eye and gladden the heart. Are we observant? Do we take time to appreciate the beauties around us?

The gift of appreciation is no mean gift. We cannot all be singers, writers, artists, musicians, or poets, but we can learn to appreciate these great talents in others and enjoy their beauty, and we shall find that the gift of appreciation is second only to that of creating.

Let us consider other things that give joy. Nature is a spendthrift and lavish with her beauty. Who can estimate the beauty or joy that may be ours from contemplation of a lilac tree in bloom, such loveliness, blossoms so extravagant in their breath-taking beauty, so dainty in color and fragrance, so delicate? Truly a lilac tree is a "joy forever."

Then there are books. One cannot measure the pleasure gained from our book friends. To stand before a bookcase and pick out the book to fit the mood and the hour, to open the pages, and at once find yourself in the company of friends is a joy. These book friends are so real, so infinitely dear, they live so vividly that you would not be surprised to turn around and meet Abbie Deal, Maggie Tulliver, David Copperfield, Selina Paeke, or even Babbit. You could enter into a conversation with any of them and be right at home.

There is joy in the written word, joy in the painting of a picture with words. Our poets give us joy beyond measure.

We are indeed rich when we have friends, true friends, who will stand by us in joy or sorrow, friends who will rejoice when we succeed and sorrow when we fail. In order to have friends we must be friendly.

There is much of beauty that may be ours, much joy that comes into our lives, if we have the seeing eye and the understanding heart.

As we journey along let us live by the way.

. . . thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God . . . thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly . . . thou makest it soft with showers . . . the pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing (Psalm 65:8-10, 13).

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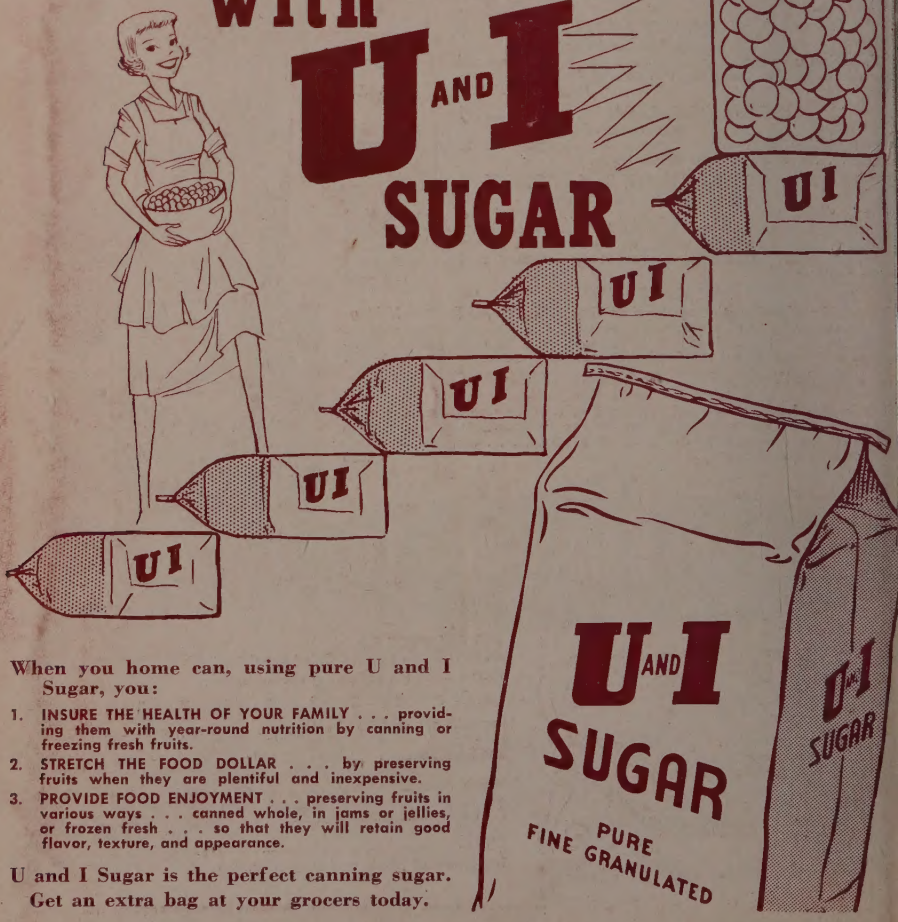

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